1063 g 26.

La Secchia Rapita:

THE TROPHY-BUCKET.

A MOCK-HEROIC

POEM,

The First of the Kind.

By Signior *Alessandro Tassoni.*

Upon an Accident that happen'd between the two Parties of the *GUELPHS* and *GIBELLINES* (the *Whig* and *Tory* Parties of those Times) in *Italy*, in their Contention who shou'd be uppermost,

The EMPEROR or the POPE.

Made *English* from the Original *Italian*,

By Mr. *OZELL.*

To which is prefix'd,

The Judgment of Mr. DRYDEN, and other Learned Men concerning this POEM.

WITH

A Correct Copy of TASSONI's Original, together with Signior SALVIANI's Notes from the *Venetian* Edition.

LONDON, Printed for *E. Curll*, at the *Dial* and *Bible* against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*. 1713. Pr. 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

THE

TROPHY-BUCKET.

A MOCK-HEROIC

POEM.

BRITISH MUSEUM 6 33 OCT

Advertiſement.

MR. DRYDEN, *in his Diſcourſe concerning the Original and Progreſs of* Satire *(prefix'd to* Juvenal*) pag.* 82. *ſpeaks of this* POEM *in the following manner*, VIZ.

The Secchia Rapita *of* TASSONI *is a Satire of the* Varronian *kind. 'Tis written in the Stanza of Eight, which is the* Italian *Meaſure for Heroic Verſe. The Words are ſtately, the Numbers ſmooth, the Turn both of Thoughts and Words is happy. The firſt ſix Lines of each Stanza ſeem majeſtical and ſevere; but the two laſt turn them all into a pleaſant Ridicule.* BOILEAU, *if I am not much deceiv'd, has model'd from hence his* Lutrin.

Lepidiſſimum Poema Heroico Comicum, quod SECCHIA nuncupatur, ſæpius ac in multis locis editum.

Leo Allatius, ex nova Apium Urbanarum recenſione.

To all the Editions, except the Firſt, the Title of Rapita *was added, chiefly becauſe they were ſo greedily bought up, that the People did as it were* raviſh *them from each other.* See *Brugiotti*'s Preface to the Edition of *Roncglione*, 1624. Perchè non baſtando all'avidita degli huomini gli eſemplari già ſtampati i Copiatori ne rapivano i manuſcritti, e i Lettori l'uno all'altro la rapivano.

Mr.

Mr. BOILEAU, *in his* Lutrin, *invokes* HOMER *and the Author of the* Secchia Rapita, *to inſpire him in the performance of his Poem:*

O thou, whoſe Muſe's bold fantaſtic Flight
Did the *Bolonian* Bucket's Rape indite!
Vile Cauſe of War! all *Latium* to ingage
In bloody Arms, the *Helen* of their Rage.

Mr. MISSON, *in the Hiſtory of his Travels thro* Italy, *ſpeaking of ſuch Curioſities as he wou'd recommend to be ſeen by thoſe who travel there, ſays, in the Article of* Bolonia, Voyez la Secchia qui a fait tant de bruit.

The very learned Antonius Querengus, *in his* Hexamit. Carm. lib. 5. *writes thus to* Taſſoni *(alluding to his Abſtract of the Church-Hiſtory, and to this Poem of the* Secchia.)

Forſitan & ſtudio captus graviore perurges
Sacrum opus aſſiduus Scriptor, quo ingentia magni
Baroni brevibus claudens monumenta libellis
Nectarea donas Tuſcæ dulcedine linguæ,
Aut feſſæ requiem menti defueta Camænas
Suaviloquas ad plectra vocas, pugnataque ſævis
Prælia diſſidiis Rhenumq; Padumq; timentes,
Cædibus ob raptam lymphis putealibus Urnam,
Et gentis captum Sardæ in Certamine Regem
Concinis immiſtis ſocco ridente cothurnis.

THE

The TRANSLATOR to the READER.

AT my first looking into this Poem, I saw too many Beauties in it not to give me a Desire to make my self thorowly acquainted with them. When I had done that, it naturally led me to a like Desire of seeing how these Beauties wou'd look in an *English* Dress. There are indeed some things in the Poem that may appear *unseemly* to effeminate Readers; but nothing that can be thought *unnatural* by true Discerners. It is to be consider'd that such Expressions, wherever they happen, are so essential to the very Design of the Poem, that without them it had not been a perfect Mock-Heroic. Besides, when the Author compos'd it he was Young, nor is his Translator Old. The Poem in it self is of a considerable length, no less than Twelve Canto's. If what I now publish meet with a tolerable Reception, I shall go thro with it, and give it in Parts with good Cuts; and that the Reader may judg in what Time and Manner he may expect all the rest, 'tis fit I shou'd

tell him, That thus much of it as he ſees, and juſt as he ſees it, I compos'd in leſs than a Month, beſides ſome Avocations of a very different nature, which will now ceaſe for ſome time.

The *Italian* Tongue ſeeming at preſent to be pretty much in vogue here, and this Author being deſervedly rank'd among the moſt excellent of the *Italian* Writers, as well for the Purity of his Diction, as for the Beauty of his Deſcriptions, the Juſtneſs of his Compariſons, the Sweetneſs of his Verſes, and the Facility of his Rhimes: This, I ſay, being conſider'd, as alſo that the Book it ſelf is rarely to be met with, and never fails of a good Price, I thought it adviſable to print the Original with the Tranſlation; by which means likewiſe I ſhall be juſtify'd in ſome Paſſages that may ſeem aggravated by my ſelf.

There have been a great many Editions of this Poem in ſeveral Parts of *Europe*. They all differ in ſome few Places. I have generally follow'd the Edition of *Venice*, and have accordingly added *Salviani*'s Notes, which are wanting in that of *Paris*. *Salviani* was a Friend of the Author's, and Fellow-Member of the Academy of the *Humoriſtæ*, and conſequently very capable of making proper Explications upon the Poem. As for the Author himſelf, *Moreri* gives a ſhort account of him; and to that I refer, till ſuch time as I can collect a fuller; which perhaps I may do in the Courſe of this Work, and ſubjoin it at the end,

end, together with a *Critique* upon the whole. Some have taken the Author for the ſame as *Taſſo*. He liv'd indeed about the time of *Taſſo*, and has not been dead above fourſcore Years. *Moreri* ſays, his Poem of *La Secchia Rapita* was very well receiv'd; and ſo it certainly was, if ever any Book was. I wou'd gladly compound for a fourth part of the Succeſs, for my Tranſlation of it. *Moreri* ſays he was of *Modena*; I rather think, with the *French* Editor, he was of *Bolonia*: and if ſo, our Author has not imitated either *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Taſſo* in flattering their own Countrymen; for he turns moſt of the Ridicule upon *his*. I believe he had been ſour'd by ſome Diſappointments, by his Fancifulneſs to be always painted with a Fig in his Hand, to ſhew he did not value of a Fig the Promiſes of Great Men. He turn'd to writing Church-Hiſtory in his declining Years, and diſcovers a good deal of that ſort of reading throughout this Poem, which indeed conſiſts both of Truth and Fiction.

The *French* Editor obſerves, "That none "of the *Italian* Hiſtorians (who write of "this War between the People of *Bolonia* "and *Modena*) do poſitively aver the *Bucket* "to be the Cauſe of it: and yet 'tis cer- "tain, there is a Bucket of Fir kept in a "ſtrong Tower at *Modena*, hung up to the "Roof of a Chamber with an Iron Chain. "The Poet, in his Preface, does not abſolute- "ly ſay that the Bucket was the occaſion of

" that War, but only that it was reported to " be ſo. All the Hiſtorians agree however, " that the Popes of thoſe times had a hand in " thoſe Quarrels, upon account of the Fac- " tions of the *Guelphs* and *Gibellines*; for it " was the Legate *Octavian Ubaldini*, who " excited the *Bolonians* to make that Inſult " on the *Modenois*, which is mention'd in " the beginning of this Poem. The Empe- " ror *Frederick* II. then at Enmity with the " Pope, took part with the *Modenois*, and " ſent his Son *Henzio* King of *Sardinia* to " their Aſſiſtance. *Henzio* being full of " youthful Courage, came to a precipitate " Engagement with the *Bolonians*, at a Paſs " call'd *Foſſalta*, near the River *Panaro*, which " parts the two Eſtates, on St. *Bartholomew*'s " day, in the year 1248. The King had ſe- " veral Horſes kill'd under him, but at length " was taken, and carry'd in Triumph into " *Bolonia*. The Emperor his Father threa- " ten'd the *Bolonians*, if they did not ſurren- " der his Son; but they laugh'd at him. He " afterwards chang'd his Language, and pro- " pos'd for his Ranſom to encompaſs their City " with Wire of Gold; which they likewiſe " refus'd. The King endeavour'd to make " his Eſcape, but was diſcover'd. At length " he dy'd at *Bolonia*, after Twenty Three " Years Impriſonment, during which he was " treated with all manner of Reſpect and Di- " verſion. His Funerals were magnificent, " and with all the Marks of Royalty; a rich

" Tomb

" Tomb was erected for him, which is ſtill " to be ſeen, with honourable Inſcriptions.

" *Campanaccio*'s Hiſtory ſpeaks of ſeveral " Perſons who are likewiſe mention'd in this " Poem; ſuch as *Gerardi*, *Manfredi*, the Legate " *Ubaldini*, *Hugo* the Pretor of *Bolonia*, and a " great many more; and the Poet has made " uſe of ſome Particulars of the true Hiſtory, " which he has diſguis'd and adorn'd with " Poetical Figures: and therefore it is that he " ſays in his Preface, his Work preſerves thro- " out an appearance of Truth. But as for the " Bucket, the *French* Editor takes it to be a " mere Fiction of the Poet (and I'm apt to " believe ſo too) and that the Bucket which is " ſtill to be ſeen in *Modena*, may have been " nothing elſe but a Standard for ſome ſort " of Meaſure then in uſe, or perhaps the " Model of ſome Bucket better contriv'd, " and more commodious than ordinary. And " upon this 'tis probable the Poet has made " this Story, which perhaps too might be " founded upon ſome bantering Tradition a- " mong the *Modenois*."

Mentioning ſome of the Author's Heroes, ſuch as *Manfredi*, *Gerardi*, &c. I ſometimes call them *Manfred*, *Gerard*, for the ſame reaſon as *Hudibras* does his Squire, *Ralpho*, or plain *Ralph*. I have once or twice alſo taken the liberty of uſing *Modenia* for *Modena*.

I ſhall not tire the Reader with an account of the two Parties of the *Guelphs* and *Gibellines*, who divided and worry'd *Italy* for two or

three

three Ages. Every body knows the Faction began about the Eleventh Century, upon occaſion of the Pope's ſetting up an Independency on the Emperor, and rejecting the Imperial Right of Nomination to the Biſhoprick of *Rome*: The *Guelphs* were the *Popelins*, call'd ſo in contempt *(quaſi Whelps)* by the *Germans*; they, on the other ſide, were call'd *Gibellines* from *Guibert*, who was nominated by the Emperor to be Pope, in oppoſition to *Hildebrand*, the then Uſurper of the Chair.

There's one or two Errors of the Preſs in this *Italian* Edition, but they ſhall be taken notice of at the end of the whole.

The Arguments to each Canto were made by the Abbot *Bariſoni*, and not by the Author: I have drawn the Arguments in Proſe, in ſuch manner as I thought might beſt open the Subject of each Canto.

As Books of this kind, like an Apple-Tree upon the Highway, are free for any body to have a Pull at that can reach them, ſo I know not but this beginning of mine may prompt ſome other to proceed upon it. Be that as it ſhall happen, unleſs Death or Sickneſs prevent, I'll make an end on't my own way, tho 'twere only to exerciſe my ſelf in *Italian* Poetry.

The middle Syllable of *Modena* muſt be read ſhort, as likewiſe *Modenois* and *Bolonois*.

The Figures, which are ſet to ſome of the Lines, refer to the ſame Number in *Salviani*'s Notes, at the end of the Canto.

The PREFACE to the Original.

LA Secchia Rapita (The Trophy-Bucket) *a Poem of a new kind, invented by* Taſſoni, * *treats of a Subject partly* Heroic *and partly* Civil, *founded upon the Hiſtory of the Wars between the* Bolonians *and the* Modenois, *in the time of the Emperor* Frederick *the Second; wherein* || Henzio *King of* Sardinia, *Son to the ſaid Emperor, aſſiſting the* Modenois, *was taken Priſoner* (Anno 1248.) *and died at* Bolonia *before he was ſet at liberty; as may be ſeen*

* The *French* Editor ſays, partly *Heroic* and partly *Comic*; but I don't take that to be the Author's Meaning. What he intends by *Mezza Eroica* and *Mezza Civile*, I conceive to be, That it is part Fable and part Truth; as the beſt Critics agree an Epic Poem ſhou'd be, like that of the *Iliads*, &c.

|| In the Records of *Modena*, *Henricus*. He was one of *Frederick*'s baſe Sons. *Frederick* had likewiſe a legitimate Son nam'd *Henry*, by *Iſabella* our *Henry* the Third's Siſter. This laſt Son was Viceroy of *Sicily*. See *Rymer*'s Edition of the Tower-Records.

at this day, by the Epitaph upon his Tomb, in the Church of St. Dominick.

The Wooden Bucket, which, by report, was the Occaſion of this War, is ſtill preſerv'd in the Treaſury of the Cathedral Church of Modena; *hung up to the Roof of a Chamber with an Iron Chain, which, they ſay, ſerv'd to faſten the Gate of* Bolonia, *where the* Modenois *enter'd when they forc'd away the Bucket.*

The Hiſtorians, Sigonio *and* Campanaccio, *ſpeak of this War, as likewiſe ſome Manuſcript Chronicles of the City of* Modena; *whereby it is manifeſt, that the Poem of the* Secchia Rapita *has all the Marks of Hiſtory and of Truth.*

The Deſign *is ſingle and perfect; that is to ſay, it has a Beginning, a Middle, and an End*. If it be objected that the Deſign is not* One, *becauſe it takes in more things than one; it may be reply'd, that* Ariſtotle *has no where preſcrib'd ſuch ſtrait-lac'd Rules to thoſe who compoſe any Work: And 'tis now plain, that the Actions of* Many *are more diverting than thoſe of* One *alone; and that a* Pitch'd Battel *is more curious to behold than any* Duel *whatever. For, the Pleaſure of Epic Poetry does not ariſe from ſeeing one Man alone in Action, but from a probable Repreſentation of Miraculous Exploits; of which the more they are in number, the more they recreate. Now by employing but one Agent,*

* Unlike, in this reſpect, to the Works of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which the Author diſcovers himſelf thorowly acquainted with, but was willing to ſtrike into a new way.

you

you cannot repreſent in one Subject a great number of Performances: wherefore it will be always more ſecure to introduce more than one. And 'tis for this reaſon, we ſee, that Arioſto, *altho he has not obſerv'd the Unity of Fable, and brings in a great Multiplicity of Perſons, is much more agreeable than* Homer *in his* Odyſſes, *by means of the Quantity and Variety of Miraculous Actions well united together.*

However it be; when the Author compos'd this Poem (which was one Summer in his Youth) it was not to acquire Fame in Poetry, but to paſs away the time, and out of a Curioſity to ſee how a Mixture of the Grave *and* Burleſque *Stiles wou'd ſucceed: fancying that if they pleas'd, aſunder, they might do the like in conjunction; eſpecially if blended with ſuch Artifice, that from their reciprocal Variety, as well the Wiſe as thoſe that were Otherwiſe, might receive Entertainment. The Learned commonly read Poetry for their Amuſement, and are more delighted with* Pleaſantrys, *when they are well told, than with Things of a Serious nature: And as for the Unlearned, beſides the Reliſh they have for Burleſque, they are otherwiſe raviſh'd with the Miracles which Heroick Actions are us'd to produce.*

Since therefore this new Method muſt be agreeable to every body, it is ſufficient for the Author that he invented it, and gives the Proof of it in this Eſſay. However, as 'tis eaſy to add to Things already found out, ſome other may perhaps go further upon this Model.

The

The Author, in repreſenting the Perſonages of Former *Times, has made uſe of many of the* Preſent; *like your Painters, who draw from* Modern *Faces the Reſemblances of the* Antients: *it being probable, that what we ſee in our days was the ſame heretofore. But where he has ſtruck at any Vice, it is not to be underſtood that they are the Vices of this or that particular Man, but the common Vices of the Age: Thus, for example, the* Count de Culagna *and* Titta *are not any real determinate Perſons, but the Ideas of a Vain-glorious* Coward *and a* Roman *Fop. And let this ſuffice,* &c.

The

The Trophy-Bucket.

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Bolonians, *ſecretly incited by the Pope's Legate, make an Inſult upon the People of* Modena, *who repulſe them, and drive them back to the very Gates of* Bolonia. *There the Fight renews, upon account of a Bucket, which in the end the Men of* Modena *carry off Triumphantly to their own City.*

HOW fierce a Flame did *Italy* o'erun,
From a vile *Bucket's* woodden Cauſe begun;
How the * *Bolonians* and *Modenians* rag'd, (1)
And foreign Aid and diſtant Realms engag'd;

* *The Author calls them* Petronians *and* Geminians. *See Reaſon at the end of the Canto.*

How

How Gallantly they fought, how Bravely Fell,
The *Bard* in num'rous Verſe delights to Tell.
Thou, *Phœbus*, who within my Brain do'ſt roul
The horrid War, and rack'ſt my lab'ring Soul!
Thou who do'ſt over Harmony preſide,
O lead me by the Sleeve, and be the Blindman's Guide!
And * Thou, the Hope of the World's potent Head,
The lateſt Fruit of Generous *Charles*'s Bed;
Thou whoſe ſmooth Cheeks and flaxen Locks conceal
Wiſdom profound and Thoughts of Public Weal
If haply Thou unknit thy ſtudious Brow,
And to thy pond'ring Breaſt ſome Eaſe allow;
If midſt thy crouding Cares the Muſe find room,
Fair *Helen* ſhall a *Bucket's* Form aſſume.
Barbarians now had clip'd the *Roman* Creſt,
And forc'd their Eagle from her antient Neſt;
Broke were thoſe Claws which knew no end Spoils,
Beyond the Scarlet Sea and *Britiſh* Iſles:
While *Latian* Cities to her Cries were deaf,
Glad rather and rejoicing at her Grief;
In home-bred Jars and mutual Hatred burn;
As Colts, unty'd, each other bite and ſpurn.
Not ſo the *Adriatic* Sea's Fair Queen, [*Venice.*
She only Free, in others Feuds unſeen;

---

* *This is certainly meant of* Don John *of* Auſtria, *Na*
Son of Charles V. *born to him when a Widower. He w*
Youth of a moſt unbounded Ambition and projecting Brain, wi
his Contrivances to get himſelf made King of England.
Geddes's *Tracts.*

Turn

Turning her Thoughts to Eaſtern Realms intenſe,
In ſedentary Mood weigh'd vaſt Events:
Of *Greece* great part already had ſhe forc'd
From Unbelievers hands, Uſurpers curſt!
The *Other* Towns, ſome Holy Feaſt-Day wait,
By Sound of Bell to ſack their neighbouring State.
Part, *Gibellines* yclip'd, the *German* Crown
Strongly eſpous'd, for Intereſts of its own.
The other, *Guelphs*, did with the Pope combine;
Maſſes their Pay, the Church's common Coin! (4)
(Hate
Hence flow'd theſe Tears, and hence th' inveterate
'Twixt † *Potta*-Men and *Sipa* took its date;
Hence this *Event*, of infinite account,
Writ in the Annals of the Forky Mount.
Now had the Sun the Heav'nly Ram forſook,
Darting thro Wintry Clouds his radiant Look;
The ‖ Fields with Stars, the Sky with Flow'rs ſeem'd
dreſt;
The Winds lay ſleeping on the Sea's calm Breaſt;
Soft Zephyr only breathing o'er the Meads,
Kiſs'd the young Graſs, and wav'd the tender Reeds:
The *Nightingales* were heard at peep of Day,
And *Aſſes* ſinging am'rous Roundelay.
(the Earth,
When the new Seaſon's Warmth, which cheers
And moves the * *Cricket-kind* to wonted *Mirth*,

† *The* Modenois *are frequently in this Work call'd* Potta-*Men, as the* Boloneſe, Sipa-*Men.* Potta *is a Contraction of* Poteſta, *and means in* Italy *the Chief Magiſtrate of* Modena. Sipa *is a Corruption of the word* Sia, So be it; *and us'd thus by the Vulgar of* Bolonia, *who are therefore in Raillery call'd* Sipa-*Men.*

‖ *The Dew look'd like Stars on the Ground, and the various Colours of the Dawn made the Sky look as 'twere fill'd with Flowers.*

* Grilli; *a ſort of Graſhopper. We have it not in* England.

The *Bolonois* to *Miſchief* did excite,
And, like a gath'ring Storm, prepar'd their Spite.
Under two Chiefs they ruſh'd in ſeparate Bands,
Arm'd, to lay waſte † *Panaro*'s fruitful Lands:
Fearleſs, like wading Boys, they paſs'd the Stream,
And broke with horrid Rout *Modena*'s Morning-Dream.
Modena in a ſpacious Op'ning ſits,
No hoſtile Foot the South or Weſt admits;
Nature thoſe Points has guarded with a Line,
The freezing Back of Woody || *Apenine:*
That *Apenine* which ſhoves ſo high his Head
To view the Sun deſcending to his Bed,
It ſeems as if upon his ſnowy Face
The Heav'nly Orbs had choſe a Reſting-place!
The Eaſtern Bounder fam'd *Panaro* laves,
Noted for flow'ry Banks and limpid Waves:
Bolonia oppoſite, and on the Left
The Stream where *Phaeton* fell Thunder-cleft: [*Po.*
Nor'ward, meandring * *Secchia* takes a Range,
Unconſtant to its Bed, and fond of Change;
Swallowing its Banks, and ſtrewing fruitleſs Sand,
The teeming Fields become a Barren Strand.
The *Modenois* no watchful Centries kept,
But, fearleſs, like the antient *Spartans* ſlept;
Nor Walls, nor Ramparts did the Town incloſe;
The Ditch, fill'd up, was free for Friends or Foes.
Now had the greater Bell begun t'alarm
The ſleeping Cits, and break their drowſy Charm:

† *A River that parts the two States.*
|| *A Range of Hills ſo call'd, running thro great part of* Italy.
* *A River or Torrent ſo call'd.*

They

They ſtart, and ſhake the Floors with bounding Feet,
And crowd the Stairs, and joſtle as they meet.
Some up, ſome down; each as his Fears o'er-rule;
Theſe to the *Windows* haſte, and Thoſe to *Stool*. (5)
Some, hip-hop, in a Shoe and Slipper run;
This Leg a Stocking wears, its Fellow, none.
One, for his Morning-Gown, a Mantua takes;
While frowzy Miſs, her Side left empty, wakes;
Amaz'd ſhe ſtares, and ſcreams, and ſtrains her throat,
And inſide outward turns her Petticoat.
Here, for a Target, is a Stew-Pan preſt,
And there a Pail to arm ſome Cuckold's Creſt:
This brandiſhes a Hedg-Bill for a Spear,
Cas'd Back and Breaſt in Iron, a Cuiraſſeer.
With threatning Looks they run, and fierce Regard,
And crowd from ſeveral Lanes the Guild-hall Yard.
The City-Standard, thro the * *Potta*'s Care (6)
Erected, ſtood conſpicuous in the Air:
As the Wind chanc'd to give the Staff a jirk,
The † wriggling Augers ſeem'd to be at work.
The *Potta* arm'd, on Horſe-back too, appear'd,
And to the *Saddle* had the *Bench* transfer'd.
At that time *Lawrence Scotti* rul'd the State, (7)
As well for Courage as for Wiſdom Great:
Revolving in his Mind the vaſt Affair,
The City-Gates require his earlieſt Care:
There a ſtrong Guard being plac'd, with Critic Eyes
To chuſe a Band of Horſe he next applies:
Gerard he made Commander of this Draft,
Gerard for Proweſs fam'd, and warlike Craft! (8)

* *The Chief Magiſtrate of* Modena. *The Mayor ſuppoſe.*
† *Three Augers or Wimbles are the Arms of* Modena.

Go boldly on, my Boy, the *Potta* cry'd,
Stop their Career, and curb theſe Raſcals Pride! (9)
Be cautious tho, nor with inferior Strength
Provoke the Fight, but draw it out in Length.
Halt at Foſſalta's *Torrent: Fixt as Fate,* (10)
Preſerve that Paſs, and further Orders wait:
If you can truſt the Honour of your Chief,
E'er the ſixth Hour, depend upon Relief.
Thus ſpoke the Chief. *Gerardo* ſeem'd to fly,
Attended by the Flow'r of Chivalry.
Soon as the Cavaliers had turn'd their Steeds,
A pleaſing awing Spectacle proceeds:
A Hundred youthful Damſels ſtrike the Eye;
Their Habit plain, ſhortning below the Thigh:
Helms on their Heads, and Lances in their Hand,
Plates on their Breaſts, an *Amazonian* Band!
At their ſoft Hips a glitt'ring Sword was hook'd,
And each bright Maid a ſecond *Pallas* look'd.
Decent they move, by Fair *Renoppia* led, (11)
A mighty Huntreſs, and to Action bred:
One Birth did *Gerard* and *Renoppia* ſhare,
Valiant like him, like him too, Debonair:
But *Italy* no Damſel e'er had ſeen
Like her for Beauty, and like her for Mien.
Such warlike Sweetneſs! And ſo gently Brave!
Each Look at once both Love and Terror gave:
Black * were her Eyes, and Black her ſhining Hair;
As Roſes, Freſh, her Face; as Lillies, Fair;
Her Neck, an Iv'ry Column; Silk her Skin;
Rubies her Lips, enrich'd with Pearl within.

* *This in the Original is often inſtanc'd by* Italian *Writers, as an Excellent Deſcription of a beautiful Woman.*

With

With ſo much Wit ſhe ſpoke, ſo ſweetly Sung,
It ſeem'd the Muſick of ſome Angel's Tongue.
Noted it ſtands amidſt the Common Place
Of Him who criticiz'd on † *Chivy-Chace*,
That ſhe was thick of Hearing, of one Ear:
So ſays that Scholiaſt on that Sonneteer.
Be that as 'twill, I'll ſwear ſhe was not dumb;
Genteels, ſaid ſhe (for now the Dame was come)
My Maſters all, pray give me leave to ſpeak:
Moſt true it is, That Women are but weak;
And yet the weakeſt on's may be of uſe,
To keep the Gates, and guard the Avenues.
Theſe my Companions, if Occaſion call,
Will go as far — as any of ye all.
Nor does it only to the Men *belong,*
To vindicate in Arms their Country's Wrong;
Women *to Glory have an equal Claim,*
The Laurel ne'er diſgrac'd a well-born Dame.
This ponderous Helm, theſe Arms ye ſee me bear,
Were Trophies which my Grandſire gain'd in War,
The day proud Milan *was by* || Red-Beard *fir'd,*
And all her Houſhold Gods in Flames expir'd.
A while my Brother did by Force withhold
The Glorious Iron, more tempting far than Gold;
But vain were Locks and Bolts: My burning Zeal
Unhing'd the Gates, and made the Fabrick reel:
This Day, unleſs our Hands our Hearts bely,
The Temper of our Steel yon Foe ſhall try.

---

† *See the Original. It requires ſuch a Turn.*

|| *The Emperor* Frederick I. (*call'd* Barbaroſſa) *burnt it to the ground*, Anno 1163.

With Gen'rous Rage inflam'd, and Glory's Charms,
Headlong the City-Youth preſs forth to Arms.
The *Potta*, in Majeſtic decent Tone,
Ye hare-brain'd Puppies, whither is't ye run?
You think you're going now to Cakes and Ale;
Let's ſee who dares to budge beyond this Rail.
Thus cool'd, and humbling to their Chief's Commands,
He forms them into Companies and Bands.
Gerard mean time his haſty March had ſtretch'd,
And, *Opportune*, *Foſſalta*'s Paſſage reach'd:
For now the foremoſt Squadron of the Foe
Preſt hard the Tow'r that guards the Bridg below.
With Darts and Stones they made a brave Defence,
Hurl'd from the Windows and the Battlements.
Th' Aſſailants now began to change their Mind,
Unſeconded by thoſe they left behind.
High on the Margin of *Foſſalta*'s Flood,
The Captain o'th' *Bolonian* Nation ſtood;
You Whoresbloods there, Poltroons on t'other ſide! (12)
(With throtling Voice the pulpy Leader cry'd)
Come forwards, and be damn'd! See how that Bitch
There, hangs an arſe, afraid to leap a Ditch!
You, Dogſmeat, Guts and Garbage——Oons who's here? [*Looking behind.*
Gerardo's Van in haughty March drew near.
* *Rangoni*'s Son his Followers thus beſpoke: [* *Gerard.*
" You ſee, my Friends, how much the Foe is broke!
" The Hand of Heav'n's againſt 'em: Each pale Face
" Betrays Confuſion, and expects Diſgrace.
" Divided as they are, and tir'd with Toil,
" They'l fall an eaſy Prey, an unearn'd Spoil.

" Then

" Then follow me, my Lads, nor doubt the Day;
" This Sword at once ſhall point and hew the way."
He prick'd his Steed, and gath'ring all his Force,
Where Danger threaten'd moſt, he bent his Courſe.
As Lightning quick he dealt his Sword around,
And many a Death he gave, and many a Wound,
While Heaps of breathleſs Bodies raiſe the level Ground.
No more let *Tagus* or the *Maeſe* recite (13)
The Celebrated *Curſio*'s Feats in Fight!
Juſtly *Panaro* may in *Gerard* pride!
Gerard Did more than *Curſio* ever *Ly'd*.
The *Sun* ne'er ſaw ſo many on their backs;
The firſt he ſlew was *Cuthbert*, Prince of Quacks;
Cuthbert for others, not himſelf, was born;
None drew a Tooth like him, or cut a Corn;
He Powder, Waſhballs, Paſſatempo's made;
Better had *Cuthbert* far ha' kept his Trade!
Next him, *Phil Littigo*, depriv'd of Day,
A fat facetious Pettyfogger lay:
As *Phil* had many others, during Life,
So now the Devil drew *Phil* into a Strife:
Yet honeſt *Phil* his Calling ne'er bely'd,
For as he liv'd by Quarrel, ſo he dy'd.
Viano next he down the Body cleft;
Then Doctor *Hirco*'s Face he Noſeleſs left:
As for this Doctor's Noſe, ſome Authors write,
He loſt it not in Sword, but Scabbard-Fight.
Left-handed *Criſpaline* he then unſouls,
Renown'd for making Perching-ſticks for Owls.
Bartlet, ſore wounded next, renounc'd the Light;
The well-fed *Fryar*, in his own deſpight,

Fell headlong to the Waves: Fantaſtic Death!
That what his Lips abhor'd *, ſhou'd ſtop his Breath!
[* *Water.*
Two Fools in Masks againſt *Gerardo* join, (14)
A Horſeblock heave and hit him on the Groin:
One dextrous Blow diſpatch'd this loving Pair,
Thrice ſprung their headleſs Bodies up in Air;
As if ſome Engine had the Sword controul'd,
At once they fell, and o'er each other roul'd.
Torrents of Crimſon Hue ran pouring down,
And ſwell'd *Panaro*'s Banks with Streams unknown:
So *Trojan* Gore o'erflow'd fair *Xanthus* Strand,
Tap'd by the Son of *Thetis* wrathful Hand.
So, near the *Theban* Walls, with hoſtile Blood,
Hippomedon diſtain'd *Aſopus* Flood.
Glutted with Liſts of Dead, the Muſe grows ſick,
Nor can on all beſtow th'immortal Prick.
Min'Hoſt o'th'*Scritchowl*, fam'd for Muſcadine, (15)
Drew Human Blood as freely as his Wine.
Hat he had none, and Helmet he deſpis'd,
In a huge High-way Perriwig diſguis'd;
Him *Bruno* met: *Bruno* whoſe fertile Thought
Your * long ſmall Sauſage to perfection brought.
Fortune awhile ſtood Neuter to the Strife,
The *Thrummy Sconce* rebates the *Chopping Knife*:
At length *Min'Hoſt*, unperiwig'd i'th'Fray,
At once loſt both his *Scull-Cap* and the *Day*.
Gerard perceiv'd, by Signals from the Tow'r,
The *Potta* wou'd be punctual to his Hour:

---

* *At* Modena *are made this ſort of Sauſages, at* Bolonia *the ſhort and thick:* Qui bene diſtinguit, bene docet.

This the *Bolonian* Nation ſaw with Grief,
And on their Side grew hopeleſs of Relief.
Torn with Ten Thouſand different Thoughts and Cares,
Their Leader to repaſs the Stream prepares;
His War-Horſe, with Exceſs of Action tir'd,
And full of Wounds, amidſt the Waves expir'd;
Reſigning, e'er he reach'd the diſtant Ford,
To Groves of threatning Spears his much-lov'd Lord.
Scarce was the Pris'ner reconvey'd to Land,
But lifting up his Eyes he made a Stand,
Then ate his Lips, and foam'd, and ſtampt, and ſwore,
Now the Steed's ſtol'n, you're come to ſhut the Door.
A neighbouring Meadow to his View diſplay'd
The tardy Troops reſorting to his Aid.
John-Mary de la Grace, a cunning Thief
As e'er cog'd Dye, led up theſe Troops in Chief.
Caſting his Eyes around th'abandon'd Plain,
Moiſt with *Bolonian* Blood, and heap'd with Slain;
In biting Language ard injurious Phraſe,
Reproach'd th'Attempt, and curs'd the Runaways:
Then, like a Thunderbolt, to War he ruſht,
And headlong to the Battle's Center puſht.
There, on the preſſing Foe, he dealt quick Fate,
While Mother-Earth groan'd with her Sons dead weight;
The Gods were ſcar'd at Death's Gigantic Stride,
And Heav'n look'd pale to ſee ſuch *Potticide*.
Upon the Bridg a ſtrong Detachment lay
Intrench'd, to guard the Paſs and bar the Way;
Here a rude Shock enſu'd, to win the Poſt,
Of vaſt Concern, nor was it cheaply loſt.

Struck

Struck by *Bolonian* Efforts on a Heap,
Both Men and Horſe fell tumbling to the Deep.
Gerard upon the Outcry turn'd his Face,
And haſten'd to retrieve his Friend's Diſgrace;
When, lo! the *Potta* in full March appear'd,
A Thouſand Trumpets, Bells, Shouts, Horns, and
Drums were heard.

The adverſe Troops bethink themſelves of Flight,
Stun'd with the Noiſe, and dazl'd at the Sight;
Gerard reſolves t' attend them on their way,
Proud to have broke two Bodies in a Day.
To Right, to Left he runs, now here, now there,
So quick, he ſeem'd tranſported in the Air:
He turns, and winds, and ſwims his Horſe in Blood,
And drowns the Country with a Scarlet Flood;
Broke was his Sword, and half his Head reveal'd;
Darts, a thick Wood, ſeem'd growing on his Shield.

From Saddle-Bow a Battle-Ax he drew,
And *Aſinelli* and *Caponi* ſlew,
With *Carlo*, *Leopold*, *Gioſeppi* too.
Their Arms, being finely gilt, he took; to place
'*Mongſt China-Ware*, ſome Cupboard's head to grace.
Oh had he ſpar'd their Lives! becauſe in truth
'Twas Sin to fell ſuch Loads of *Pretty* Youth.

Mean while the *Potta*, where the Battle droops,
Sends freſh Detachments of his foremoſt Troops.
Himſelf was mounted on a Female Mule;
Which, tho a Magiſtrate, he ſcarce cou'd rule:
She bit, and winch'd, and ſuch Excurſions made,
As if her Legs a Game at Draughts had play'd;
At length, not minding whether wrong or right,
Full ſpeed ſhe run amidſt the Thick o'th'Fight.

About

About this time *La Grace* receiv'd a Wound,
And, much againſt his Will, went off the Ground.
When the moſt antient Race of *Boii* ſaw (16)
One Captain Pris'ner made, and *One* withdraw;
They who before had made a *bold* Retreat,
Renounce their *Hands*, and ſolely truſt their *Feet*.
Forwards the *Potta* urges with his Spear,
And like ſome Devil flaſhes in their Rear.
Such quantities of Blood the Brook diſtain'd,
It many days both *Warm* and *Red* remain'd;
That Brook which heretofore had ſcarce a Name,
Baptiz'd in Blood, *Il Tepido* became.
Such Crouds went reeking to th'*Elizian* Shore,
Charon complain'd there was no room for more.
All the Day long, and all the following Night
The poor *Bolonians* proſecute their Flight.
Three hundred Horſe, *Manfredi* at their Head, (17)
Fill every Road and River with their Dead:
So cloſe the Warlike Youth oppreſs'd their Heels,
Returning Day the City Walls reveals.
The Gate *St. Felix*, op'ning ſoon, admits,
In one Confuſion, Foreigners and Cits;
So thick they crowd, the Watch no difference knew;
In went the Conquer'd, and the Conqu'rors too.
Far as an Arrow's Flight, and quick as Thought,
Manfredi's Men within the Town were got:
Manfred, who ne'er left any thing to Chance,
Halts at the Gate, nor further wou'd advance;
By Drums and Trumpets ſounding from the Walls,
Th' indanger'd Troops he ſuddenly recals.
Radaldo, *Spinamont*, *Griffoni* fierce,
(And other Names too obſtinate for Verſe)

Fainting

Fainting with Heat, and haraſs'd with the Chace,
Eſpy'd a *Well* belonging to the Place:
They thank'd the Gods with lifted Hands and Eyes;
Then haſtily diſpatch'd to Nether Skies
The Bone of Diſcord, Apple of the War,
A brand new *Bucket* made of fatal Fir. (18)
Low was the Water, and the Well profound,
The Pully dry and broke, went hobling round;
Th'unlucky Hemp, knotting, increas'd delay,
And all their Hopes hung dangling in Midway.
Some with ſtill Sighs the Bucket's Abſence mourn,
Others, impatient, curſe its ſlow Return.
At length it weeping comes, as if it knew
The Sanguinary Work that was t'enſue.
Greedy they all advance to ſeize their Prey;
Radaldo's happy Lips firſt *pull'd away.*
Scarce had he drunk, when, lo! a numerous Ring
Of adverſe Swords ſurround the raviſh'd Spring:
Ruſhing from ev'ry Ally thro the Town,
Kill, kill, was all the Cry, and *Knock 'em down.*
The *Potta*-men alarm'd, with active Feet
Regain their Steeds, and leap into their Seat:
Sipa, not liking much their threatning Face,
Began to keep aloof, and ſlack their Pace.
The Bucket chanc'd to be at *Griffon*'s Noſe,
His Tip thus ſpoil'd, away the Water throws;
Cuts the retaining Cord, and then apply'd
The Vehicle to ſhield his Near-hand ſide;
His Off-hand graſps a Sword, and thus prepar'd,
Defies the World, and ſtands upon his Guard:
Nimbly the Men of *Potta* intervene,
And from the Foe their brave Companion ſcreen.

Ye ſorry Raſcals, What d'ye mean by That ?
Ye Hellfire Bougers, What wou'd ye be at ?
Ye Potta-*Pimps, cry'd one, produce the Bucket* ;
Ye Sipa-*Sons o'Whores, cry'd t'other, Look it.*
Radaldo, with an unforeſeen Back-Stroke,
An Orator's declaiming Jawbone broke.
A Rapier's Point, directed by the Fiſt
Of *Carlon*, pierc'd *Radaldo* thro the Twiſt :
Vain was his Buckler, vain his Shirt of Mail,
Nor cou'd againſt *Carloni*'s Thruſt prevail.
Carlon was nurs'd in Blood ; a ſingle Groat
Had often been his Hire to cut a Throat :
A Butcher he, and famous in his way ;
No Prize was fought, but *Carlon* ſaw Fair Play ;
Or when the Dogs were toſs'd with horrid Sprawl,
His Back was readieſt ſtill to break the Fall.

Not *Helen* was ſo tug'd in Days of Yore,
When * *Sadoc* held the ſacrificing Lore ;
Chaſte *Ariſtoclee* with leſs Pain was loſt, (19)
Than this *Triobolary* Bucket coſt.

Malvaſio's Dagger-Arm receiv'd ſuch Chops
From *Roland*'s Cimiter, his Weapon drops ;
Had *Manfred* lain a little more remote,
Each Mother's Son had ſurely gone to Pot :
One wounded Man, 'tis ſtrange, and yet 'tis Truth,
With Bawling loſt the Palate of his Mouth.
Manfredi with collected Force appears,
Revives the War, and diſſipates their Fears.

---

* Sadoc *was High-Prieſt among the* Jews *about the time of the* Trojan *Wars.*

Soon

Soon as the Glorious Boy *Victoria* ſpy'd,
She clap'd her Wings, and clos'd her Fav'rite's Side;
The *Sipans* to ſuperior Virtue yield,
Curſe their hard Fortune, and diſclaim the Field.
Clear of this Scrape, *Manfredi*'s Squadrons join,
And treading back their Steps repaſs the † *Rhine*.
Their Captain, who no worthier Spoils cou'd ſhow
Than this ſame Bucket conquer'd from the Foe,
Caus'd it in form of Trophy to advance
Before the Troops, ſublime, upon a Lance.
To think how he in open Day had ſcour'd
Bolonia, and their Virgin-Spring deflower'd;
To think how he had raviſh'd from the Place
An everlaſting Pledg of their Diſgrace;
Elate and glorying in his ſlit-deal Prize,
Not *Vict'ry* ſeem'd ſo noble in his Eyes.
Strait from *Samogia*'s Plains he ſends Expreſs
To *Modena*, the News of his Succeſs;
And ſtrait the Town reſolves in Form to meet
The Conquering Army, and their Gen'ral greet.
The Groſier then did *Adam Bosket* ſway; (20)
The *ſpiritual Potta*, as the Muſe may ſay:
In vulgar Speech, the Biſhop of the Place,
And kept his Flock in admirable Caſe;
For leſt they ſhou'd contract the Scab or Itch,
He miſapply'd no Time to Pray or Preach:
A fundamental Lover, not inclin'd
At all to th' Vice that propagates Mankind.

† *There's a little River near* Bolonia *call'd the* Rhine. Parvique Bononia Rheni. *Silius Italicus.*

But

But Gam'd (they ſay) the Livings of the Church,
Sometimes at Whisk and Swobbers, ſometimes Lurch.
Soon as the News had reach'd the Father's Ear,
That his dear Children in the Faith drew near,
And cou'd undoubted Proofs of Vict'ry boaſt,
Won bravely from the Proud Philiſtin Hoſt;
He puts himſelf in Order, to appear
In ſolemn Show, the Clergy at his Rear;
The Cope was to his brawny Back apply'd,
Sacred to *Eaſter* and to *Chriſtmas*-Tide.
Superb in Mien the *Potta* ſtood confeſt,
In a huge Robe of Scarlet Drap'ry dreſt;
Round the Black Bonnet which his Head adorn'd,
High as the Crown a Bordering Welt was turn'd,
(If antient Books of Heraldry ſpeak true)
In Breadth four Inches, and in Thickneſs two.
The *Antients* next proceed, thro a long Lane
Of ſcoffing Mob, a tedious Gut-like Train:
Their Gowns ſcarce hung ſo looſe as did their Skins,
'Live Skeletons, a moving Row of Pins:
The Mules and Riders, both were of a piece,
Pharaoh's Lean Kine were Cherubims to theſe.
A Page in Armour bore the naked Sword
And Silver Buckler, previous to his Lord.
And on each Side, maintaining equal Rank,
March'd the two Chief Directors of the Bank.
Count *Hector*'s Arm the City-Standard plies,
Mars in his Heart, and *Cupid* in his Eyes.
Two Troops attend; one Lance, one Cuiraſſier;
This led the Van, and t'other clos'd the Rear.
The City-Marſhals, arm'd with Iron Mace,
Scour to and fro, and run from Place to Place;

No

No Pains they ſpar'd, and at no Danger ſtuck,
To diſingage the Road from *Mob* and *Muck.*
Such Crouds of Running Populace were ſeen,
As if the *Bucket* had ſome *Mountain* been.

A Knot of Laſſes, from the neighbouring Seats,
In white Buck'd Petticoats, the Show compleats.
Twice twenty was this Band of Waſtcoateers,
And each a Basket of fine Oſier bears;
Laden with Bread and Wine, and Jellies cold,
Hard Eggs, and Bacon-Fraiſe, and Tarts *untold:*
Fit Preſent for the Troops, whoſe Glorious Toil
Deſerv'd an eaſier, more refreſhing Spoil.

In order, thus, the Cavalcaders reach,
Diſcourſing as they went, *Foſſalta*'s Beach.
There they the Curate of the Pariſh found,
Adminiſtring, Good Man! upon the Ground:
Amidſt the agonizing * Field he pours [* *Field of Battle.*
His Ghoſtly Balm, and helps their Dying Hours:
But whilſt his *Tongue* prays luſtily by Heart,
His *Eyes* perform as well a different Part;
Not knowing but ſome Diamond-Ring by Chance,
Might gratefully return an ogling Glance;
Yet none were Caſt-a-ways, or Plain, or Set,
For all was Fiſh that came to *Peter*'s Net.
And leſt Lay-Hands their Ready-Mony rob,
He lays it up in conſecrated Fob:
Abſolving this Man's Sins, to th'next he rouls,
And clears at once their *Pockets*, and their *Souls.*

Now was *Manfredi* within Diſtance ſeen,
His Troops rang'd Two and Two, in Comely Mien.

Before

Before the reſt the Bucket-Lance proceeds,
With Myrtles grac'd, and Spoils of Flow'ry Meads,
Ten Thouſand gloating Eyes the *Trophy-Bucket* feeds.
Forwards the *Potta* takes a full Career,
And kiſſing him, *You're welcome home, my Dear!*
Then num'rous Queſtions ask'd, too long to tell,
Gad take my Soul——and ſo——and how——and well——
But pray how chance you was not kill'd i'th'Scrape,
Or taken Pris'ner? Gor, a ſtrange Eſcape!
To which, *Manfredi*——Thoſe who place their All
In Heav'n, will Heav'n aſſiſt whene'er they call;
For we who Four Legs had, the Foe but Two,
Cou'd eaſier fly away, than they purſue.
This being granted, and the Conference o'er,
The Country-*Kates* reveal their hidden Store; (21)
A Meadow's Verdant Carpet was their Board,
And loaded with the beſt their Farms afford;
Scarce had the twinkling Curate clos'd his Grace,
When, lo! the Food was vaniſh'd from the Place.
This Jaw-work done, beſtriding each his Horſe,
They orderly reſume their former Courſe;
And as they make their Paſſage to the Gate,
The ſtrange Adventures of the Fight relate.
Beneath the Portal, lifting high the Hoſt,
My Good Lord Biſhop's Grace had taken Poſt:
Sometimes the Holy-Water-Bruſh * he wields,
And then projects his Bleſſing on the Fields;
Sometimes he tunes a Hymn in *Ela* Note,
As when ſome Capon ſtrains its Syren Throat.

---

* *In the Original 'tis,* Dimenando il cotal dell' acqua ſanta. Agitando penem aquæ ſanctæ.

Manfred diſmounts, and proſtrate on the Ground,
Salutes the Cope with Rev'rence moſt profound;
Erecting then his Head by ſlow Degrees,
Receives the Benediction on his Knees:
At length arriving ſafe upon his Feet,
My Lord and He in ſtrict Embraces meet:
Then in a Line, obliquely from the Arch,
Tow'rds the *Cathedral* bend their ſolemn March.
There, *Manfred*, after great Devotions paid,
The Bucket on the higher Altar Laid.
My Lord, as if none other cou'd ſuffize,
In his own Perſon deign'd to *Sermonize*.
This done; the Biſhop and his Clergy join
In a long Pray'r at *St. Geminiu*'s Shrine.
My Lord, perceiving Night begin to drop,
Pronounc'd, *It was high time to ſhut up Shop.*
Then, ſudden, they the Rocky Steps aſcend,
Which, Spiral, to the inmoſt Tower tend;
The Bucket to the Roof ſublime they chain, (22)
For ever as a Trophy to remain.
Five Maſſy Gates, and at each Gate a Guard,
The curious Travell'rs Eagerneſs retard.
No Pilgrim poor, or generous Cavalier,
To whom the Trophy-Bucket is not dear:
All, ſoon or late, to *Modena* repair,
Proud to have ſeen a Monument ſo rare.

End of the Firſt Canto.

Signor *SALVIANI's*

EXPLICATIONS

ON THE

FIRST CANTO.

(1) *How the* Bolonians *and* Modenians *rag'd.*

The *Bolonians* are call'd *Petronii*, and the *Modenois*, *Geminiani*, upon account of the great numbers of Citizens of both Citys who bear those Names, not thro any Contempt, they being otherwise the Names of the Patron-Saints of those Places.

(2) *Fair* Helen *shall a Bucket's Form assume.*

The Author points at the Conformity between the Rape of *Helen*, and that of the *Bucket*.

(3) *Not so the Adriatic Sea's Fair Queen.*

In truth the Republick of *Venice* at that time observing the *Grecian* Empire to go to Ruin, waited for an Opportunity of making an Advantage of its Fall, and did not much meddle in the Affairs of *Italy*; *Rebuelta de rio, ganança de pescador* (a *Spanish* Proverb) 'Tis good fishing in troubled Waters.

(4) *Masses their Pay, the Churches common Coin.*

Salviani observes, that according to the first Edition of this Poem, it ran (as I have translated it) but that it was afterwards chang'd to *Le pascea di speme e di promesse*, The Pope fed them with Hopes and Promises. It was alter'd, to qualify the Reflection upon the Church; because, says he, to satyrize the Frailties of Churchmen is an Offence against Morality, and scandalizes Persons of Piety.

(5) *These to the Windows haste, and those to Stool.*

The *Italian* word for Stool is in this place *Pitale*; upon which *Salviani* observes, that the Poet us'd this word and many others of the Court of *Rome*, not only thro the Licence *Aristotle* grants to Epic Poets to use various Dialects, but because he was of Opinion the *Roman* Dialect was as good as the *Tuscan*, and better and more generally understood.

(6) *The City-Standard thro the* Potta's *Care*, &c.

The People of *Modena* bear for the Arms of their City an Auger. They it seems did, and 'tis very likely do still abbreviate the word *Potesta*, and write it *Potta* in all their publick Instruments, which gave occasion to the *Bolonians* to nickname their Chief Magistrate or Mayor, *Il Potta*. Upon this *Salviani* observes, that it is not a Caprice of the Poet, as some have held, but true History, drawn from the Chronicles of *Lanceloto*, who likewise adds, That certain Husbandmen happening one day to be sowing Beans upon the Banks of *Panaro*, the Mayor of *Modena* came out with an arm'd Force to serve them for a Guard, that they might not be disturb'd by the Enemy who were likewise in the Field; from whence the *Bolonians*, being merry People, reported afterwards that the Mayor of *Modena* sow'd Beans on Horseback.

(7) *At that time* Laurence Scotti *rul'd the State.*

This has an eye to Count *Lorenzo Scotti*, a Friend of the Author's, who died afterwards at the Court of the Emperor *Matthias*.

(8) Gerard *for Prowess fam'd and warlike Craft.*

Gerard, *Rangoni*'s Son, liv'd really in those times, and according to *Campanaccio* and *Sigonio*'s Histories was a Captain among the *Modenois* in that War, and together with King *Henzio* was taken Prisoner.

(9) *Stop their Career, and curb these Rascals Pride.*

The *Italian* here for Rascal is *Marrabisi*, a word peculiar to the *Bolonians*.

(10) *Halt at* Fossalta's *Torrent*, &c.

Fossalta is a Pass of a Torrent between *Modena* and the River *Panaro*, which may be cross'd over dry-shod.

(11) *Decent they move, by Fair* Renoppia *led.*

This is a feign'd Name.

(12) *You Whores-Bloods there, Poltroons on t'other side.*

This is in the *Bolonian* Dialect, and therefore impossible to be translated. *Aristotle* teaches the Epic Writer, that he may use variety of Tongues; for which reason the Poet makes use of that Rule in this place to introduce Ridicule.

(13) *No more let* Tagus *or the* Maese *recite*
The celebrated Curtio's *Feats in Flight.*

Captain

Captain *Curſio* was a very brave Fellow, but withal a great Boaſter. He brag'd that there had not been a Battle for a hundred years wherein he had not been preſent, and with his own hand cut to pieces at leaſt a hundred Men, particularly in the Wars of *Flanders* and *Portugal*.

(14) *Two Fools in Masks againſt* Gerardo *join.*

Here 'tis neceſſary to relate a ridiculous Accident that befel the Poet while he was a Student in *Bolonia*, which perhaps gave occaſion to theſe Verſes. 'Twas Carnaval-time, and People went about in Masks: The Poet was dreſs'd like a Zany-Doctor, with a Night-Gown and a Velvet Bonnet. He met two others in Masks dreſs'd like Zanies, who fell to joſtling of him; and one of them, who had an old Cheeſe tied to the end of a String, gave him ſuch a Blow on the Stomach, that he laid him ſprawling, and the other run away with his Cap which was fallen in the Dirt, and left him a Zany in good earneſt.

(15) *Min'Hoſt o'th'Scritchowl fam'd for Muſcadine.*

This is a Tavern without the Gate *St. Felix* at *Bolonia*, where there always us'd to be excellent Muſcadine.

(16) *When the moſt antient Race of* Boii *ſaw.*

Some will have it that *Bolonia* was antiently call'd *Boijonia*, from the *Galli Boi* who inhabited there.

(17) *Three Hundred Horſe,* Manfredi *at their Head.*

Manfredi Pio was not very diſtant from thoſe times; he was the Head of the *Gibelline* Faction, and the Emperor's Vicar in thoſe parts.

(18) *A bran new Bucket made of fatal Fir.*

The Bucket (which is ſtill preſerv'd in *Modena*) is truly of Fir, and ſhews that it was new, with three Hoops, and an Iron Handle. 'Tis a piece of Antiquity worthy to be ſeen, as holding the third place, next to the Ship of *Argos*, and *Noah*'s Ark.

(19) *Chaſte* Ariſtoclee *with leſs Pain was loſt.*

Whoever deſires to know what befel this Virgin, let him conſult the Hiſtorical Dictionarys.

(20) *The Croſier then did* Adam Bosket *ſway.*

He was really the Biſhop of *Modena* in thoſe times, and as a Man of the Faction was driven out by the *Gibellines*. The firſt Edition of *La Secchia* will juſtify my engliſhing of this Octave. See *Salviani*'s *Italian* Notes. It was indeed afterwards alter'd, as *Salviani* relates, for that the Poet thought he had gone too far in playing upon the Perſon of a Biſhop, who was beſides of a very noble Family, and much the Author's Friend; and notwithſtanding he only ſtruck at the Perſon, and not the Order, nor the Family, he corrected it, as may be ſeen hereafter in the *Italian*. *Salviani* goes on, and ſays,

the faults of eminent Men are liſten'd to with pleaſure, becauſe they ſerve for an Excuſe to Inferiours for their Imperfections; but to ridicule ſacred Perſons is not allowable in good Policy, for it leſſens the Reverence due to Religion. And I am of the ſame Opinion; but as it was the firſt Thought of the Poet, I have preſerv'd it. A Tranſlator is not anſwerable for the Morals of the Book he tranſlates, 'tis indifferent to him whether the Work be Good or Bad. His Buſineſs is to proceed faithfully, and ſhew the Author ſuch as he is in the Original; yet I own I have in ſome places enlarg'd, but the Original, will, I fancy, bear me out.

(21) *The Country Kates reveal their hidden Store.*

The Country Wenches about *Modena* are moſt of them call'd *Cataline* (*Kates.*) They pronounce it *Catalina* inſtead of *Caterina* like the *Spaniards*, for which they are banter'd by the *Bolonians*.

(22) *The Bucket to the Roof ſublime they chain.*

Many believe this to be a Fable, but 'tis a very true Story, and any body that paſſes thro *Modena* may be ſatisfy'd of it.

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

The People of Bolonia *ſend Ambaſſadors twice, to demand the Bucket: but in vain, Upon which they declare War againſt the State of* Modena. *Fame carries the News to Heaven.* Jove *calls a Council of the Gods.* Mars *and* Vulcan *quarrel.* Venus *retires, and comes to Earth with* Bacchus *and* Mars.

ALREADY twice two Days had run their Race,
Since the *Bolonians* ſuffer'd ſhameful Chace:
While their Hearts burn with Anger and Diſdain,
Their Dead a Prey to rav'nous Dogs remain.
Now two Ambaſſadors, of Peaceful Mien,
Within the Gates of *Modena* are ſeen:

The Waggon ſtopping at the *Lamb*, they ask
What Wine the Houſe affords, and what *per* Flask?
A truſty Meſſenger eftſoons they Sent
To ſue for Audience of the Government.
The Summ'ning Bell vociferates Ding-Dong,
And bangs the Element with noiſy Song,
While Shoals of crowding Members to the Senate throng.
Two Agents on the welcome Strangers wait,
And pay the uſual Compliments of State.
Conducted thus, they take the neareſt way
To th' Hall where now his *Highneſs* ſtows his Hay.
The Senior *Plenipo* Precedence took;
Pallid, as ſmoke-dry'd Bacon, was his Look:
His wrinkly Skin was thick with Crows-feet ſown,
And wither'd Fleſh departed from the Bone:
His few remaining Teeth, with painful Grin,
Like Centries ſtood, to keep his Soul within:
Famiſh'd with Avarice, and foul with Age;
And fit to act a *Lazar* on the Stage.
Twice he look'd round, and paus'd before he (ſpoke:
At length, in Terms like theſe, he Silence broke.
I am, Meſſieurs, *Marcel de Bolonine*;
Doctor in Laws; a Count too, Palatine.
My Collegue is a Count, and Knight; both Peers:
Rodolph Campedgi, is the Name he bears.
A Man of Peace am I; and He, of War;
His Province, bloody Camps; and mine, the Bar.
Whereas, Meſſieurs, our People have of late
Committed ſome Exceſſes on your State,

We

We come, in our Serene Republick's Name,
To make unfeign'd Excuſes for the ſame.
Our Nation is the Devil of a Nation,
Raſh, obſtinate, and deaf to all Perſuaſion;
If this ben't Truth, may St. *Petronio*'s Ire
Blaſt my devoted Breath, and choak the Lyar!
When t'other night our People paſs'd the *Rhine*
(I vouch, Meſſieurs, this Collegue here of mine)
'Twas Madneſs all; ſome Demon rid the Beaſt;
The State knew nothing on't, nor *ſmok'd* it in the leaſt.
That this Offence was giv'n, we really grieve;
But what is done, is done, and paſt Retrieve.
The Points our Errand rouls upon, are twain;
To *Offer Peace*, and to *Redeem our Slain:*
Take this along——
The *Bucket* your audacious People Stole,
'Tide Life, 'tide Death, we'll have, in Part or Whole:
Elſe we ſhall downright angry be; th' Affair
Muſt go to th' Dogs, and vaniſh into Air.
He ceas'd; and ſudden a loud Laugh began,
Which univerſal thro th' Aſſembly ran.
Upon the Bench which foremoſt did advance (1)
* *Taſſoni* ſat, a Doctor made by Chance;
His Name was from the limping Badger drawn;
Short-legg'd and thick, and look'd like Collar'd Brawn.

---

* Taſſone *ſignifies a Badger in* Italian: Teſſon *in* French.

On Him th' expecting Senate fix their eyes;
He firms his Look, and hems, and thus replies.

That your Republick deigns to make Excuſe
For what has paſs'd, and diſavows th' Abuſe;
That two ſuch worthy Perſons they ſhou'd ſend,
We hold a great Good-Fortune, and intend
T' enregiſter their Names: We likewiſe mourn
Your dead Compatriots; Peace be with their Urn!
If to inhume their Bodies, be your Suit,
Your Embaſſy in that may have its Fruit:
Nor are we ſlow to Peace; *but as you Tack*
An incoherent Bucket *to its Back,*
There's Intricacy in't: Points of ſuch Weight
Require ſome Time, and ask mature Debate.
For firſt 'tis highly fit we ſhou'd agree
As to the very Fact, the Felony;
We have no need to ſteal Folks Buckets; We!
Wherefore, to uſe ſuch Language here, you ſeem,
In our Opinions, as it were to Dream.

Manfred, who heard th' Oration from his Seat,
And inly burn'd, upſtarting on his feet;
" Whoe'er, cry'd he, maintains in Thought or Speech
" The Bucket *ſtoln*, and dares ſuch Doctrine preach,
" —Lyes, and was litter'd by a Pariſh-B—ch.
" In glaring Day, arm'd and expos'd on Horſe,
" I bore the Bucket from their Town by Force;
" And if I take a Fancy to't, will go
" And —— Eaſe my Body on the Spring below.

" Geud

" Geud Meſſer *Marcel*, we're nut to be funn'd, (2)
" We knaa hoo monny † Boodles mak a Pund.
'Sblews, cry'd the Cavalier *Campedgi* ſtrait,
'Tis well if we eſcape a broken Pate:
I find it is reſolv'd to ſend us back
With Colours furl'd, and *Trumpets in the Sack.*
But, Goodmen *Geminiani*, for what's paſt,
You, in the end, may come off Hopper-a'ſt.
Manfred prepar'd an Anſwer not unrude,
And ſome enormous Scandal had enſu'd,
But that the *Potta* wiſely ſtept between,
And in imperious manner curb'd his Spleen.
Ha' done, ye ſquittering Paper-Scull, ha' done!
The Rights of Nations, like the rouling Sun,
Are ev'ry where rever'd, and ſhine where'er they run.
Ambaſſadors may ſpeak, and not ſhew Cauſe;
Their Character exempts them from the Laws.
He ſpoke———
Their Excellencies made no longer ſtay,
But homewards in the inſtant took their way.
Thrice had the *Night* laborious Mortals bleſt
With Nature's neceſſary Cordial, Reſt.
Bolonia's Senate with the Sun aroſe,
Reſolv'd once more to try their haughty Foes.
The Learn'd Profeſſor *Baldi* now they name, (3)
With fuller Powers the *Bucket* to reclaim,
Importing, *an Exchange of* ‖ Grevalcore,
Provided they the Bucket *wou'd reſtore.*
The Doctor found Reception to his mind,
And Lodgings at the publick Charge aſſign'd.

† Scots *Farthing, or thereabouts.*
‖ *A Piece of Land ſo call'd.*

Early

Early next day the ſummon'd Council ſat,
And *Baldi* introduc'd with uſual State.
Baldi had ſtudy'd Men as well as Books,
And ſaw the inward Soul thro outward Looks;
Knew how to Temporize, dreſs any Theme,
Veer with each Wind, and ſwim with ev'ry Stream.
Mirror of Wiſdom, Honour's bright Abode!
(Thus he ſet out, nor trod the common Road)
I thank the Gods, by whoſe peculiar Care,
This day I your Illuſtrious Preſence ſhare!
Meſſieurs, I am commanded to Propound
A Thing wherein there's Senſe as well as Sound;
A Thing that will engage your Ears and Eyes,
And fill your wondring Souls with vaſt Surprize.
Within the utmoſt Lines of our Domain,
A certain Tract of Ground long time has lain;
By Nature to your State contiguous plac'd,
With Heaven's innumerable Bleſſings grac'd:
Of Leagues a full Quaternion intervene,
Nor is it at this diſtance plainly ſeen.
Panſa *upon this ſpot, in days of yore,* (4)
His Death receiv'd; from thence call'd * Grevalcore. [* *Quaſi,* Grave Cor.
So many Centuries of Luſtra *paſt,*
Tenacious of the Name, ſhe holds it to the laſt.
Once a Moraſs all o'er, and rotten Slough,
Now beauteous Fields, and pregnant to the Plough.
Th' induſtrious Husbandman with all his Pain,
'Tis true, as yet, hant't dry'd up ev'ry Vein;
Some lower Parts do ſtill with Humours ſwell,
And there the * *Singing Fiſh delight to dwell:* [* *Frogs.*

The

The Syrens of the Ditches, with their Song
Invite to Slumber, and the Spring prolong:
The Natives repreſent the Golden Time,
And all the Country ſeems Aurora's *Happy Clime.*
I have, Meſſieurs, my Principals Command,
To offer ye this moſt delightful Land,
Provided *that ſame Bucket your rude Fo'ke*
Took from our Rabble (whom the Devil choke!)
When t'other day our City-Gates they forc'd,
And like a tim'rous Hare our Scoundrels cours'd:
I ſay——If you, in publick-wiſe, reſtore
The Bucket to the place 'twas in before,
That moment you're poſſeſs'd of Grevalcore.
While Fortune thus preſents it to your hand
To change a Worthleſs Bucket *into Land,*
Conſider, this ſame Fortune turns like Wind,
And when her Forelock's ſlipt, ſhe gives the Bald behind.
If you forego th' Occaſion, much I fear,
You'l have a long and very dang'rous War:
Nor can you, in my humble Thoughts, pretend
To take the Field, or ev'n your Lines defend,
For we have all Romania *to our Friend.*

Here *Baldi* ſtopt. A mighty Hum went round,
Like that of Bees, an undiſtinguiſh'd Sound.
The Doctor for a time unanſwer'd ſtood;
And each Man's Brow appear'd in doubtful Mood:
At length, leſt they ſhou'd ſtrike ſome Rock conceal'd,
And raſhly do what they might wiſh repeal'd,
Baldi was told, that they the Thing wou'd weigh,
And give their Anſwer to't th' enſuing Day.

The Day being come, " th' Exchange was well approv'd,
" But that it highly firſt of all behov'd
" To have the Contract ratify'd; which done,
" The *Bucket* ſhou'd be brought in open Sun,
" And giv'n to ſome *Attorny of their own.*
" For as to Sending of it to its place,
" The Senate cou'd not do an Act ſo baſe:
" That they were much miſtaken to believe
" The Conq'rors wou'd from them the Law receive."
The Doctor made Excuſe (and bow'd profound)
" That he was ſtrictly by his Orders bound,
" But that he wou'd go back with utmoſt ſpeed,
" To try if he cou'd get the Thing agreed;
" And if his Counſel met deſir'd Succeſs,
" He wou'd that inſtant ſend a Man *Expreſs.*"
With this, the Doctor ſped his homeward way;
But no News came, that nor the following Day.
Right early on the third revolving Morn,
'Stead of a Peaceful Meſſenger's Return,
Behold a Penny-Poſt-Man, on the Back
Of a Pin-buttock'd, Wind-gall'd, Spavin'd Hack!
Before the City-Gate a Poplar ſtands
Planted by St. *Geminii*'s Holy Hands.
Forth from his Pouch, our Death-denouncing Spark
A Paper drew, and fixt it on the Bark.
The Paper ſaid, " *The* Bolonois *declare*
" *Againſt the* Modenois *a mortal War*;
" *If they omit, within a Month and Day,*
" *The* Bucket, *which they ſtole, to re-convey.*"

This

This done, the Herald mounts his three-leg'd Beaſt,
And quickly to the following Eye decreas't.
He kick'd, and ſpur'd, and ſeem'd to thoſe behind,
Snatcht by the Devil in a Guſt of Wind.
As when ſome Fiſherman, in eager queſt
Of Crab or Lobſter, proſtrate on his Breaſt;
His Arm extending down the dark Abode,
Meets with a poiſonous Snake or bloated Toad:
The conſcious Fingers quit their Hold in haſte,
And all the Man with Horror ſtands aghaſt.
So when the *Potta*-men the Lines had read,
Haughty and vain with Pride they toſs'd their Head,
And grin'd their Teeth, and forming foul Grimace,
Diſtorted ev'ry Muſcle of their Face.
But, as Ambition, and the Love of Show
Compounds the chief Ingredients of their Dough;
In deep Diſguiſe, diſſembling what they thought,
They ridicul'd and ſet their Foes at nought;
The Breaches in their Walls unheeded ſtood,
Nor did they ſcoop the Ditches hardn'd Mud.
Thus, boaſtfully, they liv'd, and gave no Sign
Of fearing Human Force, or ev'n Divine:
They thought, however, not amiſs to write
To *German Frederick*, and his Aid invite:
The Train'd-Bands too were privately prepar'd,
To form the City and the Country-Guard;
The yearly League they preſently renew
With thoſe of *Parma* and *Cremona* too:
They add freſh Troops to thoſe within the Walls,
Then give a Looſe to Feſtivals and Balls.

Mean

Mean time Gigantic Fame, with beating Wings,
To Heav'n's High Court a *Latian* Packet brings;
Olympus liſten'd, while the Tatler ſhew'd
What Miſchiefs Fortune in a Bucket brew'd.
Jove, much a Friend to Mortals, and whoſe Heart
In all his Creatures Sufferings takes a part,
Bade ring the Bells throughout the bleſt Abodes,
And ſummon'd to the Council *HOMER*'s Gods.
Strait iſſu'd from their Stalls Celeſtial Carrs,
Mounted on Wheels be-ſtudded o'er with Stars,
And Litter-bearing Mules and Courſers, gay
With Furniture that flaſh't exceſſive Day.
A hundred gaudy Liveries deck the Show,
In all the Colours of the Watry Bow:
Valets and Pages theſe, in ſolemn State,
Behind their Maſters to the Council wait.

Firſt ſtarts the Prince of *Delos* from the Liſt; [*Apollo.*
His bounding Chaiſe the Pavement ſcarcely kiſt:
Six Cheſſnut Genets young *Apollo* drew,
He crack'd his Whip, and thro the Æther flew:
A Scarlet Coat his Body cloſe embrac'd,
And three-pil'd Velvet Cap his Temples grac'd:
The Order of the *Fleece* around his Neck,
In graceful Form, his Godſhip did bedeck:
Twice twelve young beauteous Maids with tripping Heels
Buskin'd, purſue his Chaiſe's fiery Wheels.
Proud-looking *Pallas*, whimſically clad, *The Goddeſs of Wiſdom and War.*
Came mounted on a fine *Calabrian* Pad;

Her

Her Veſt ſuccinct the Mid-Leg did declare,
In *Grecian* partly, partly *Spaniſh* Air;
A Ribband ty'd her braided Locks behind,
The Length was looſe, and wanton'd in the Wind;
A Heron-Tuft her Head obliquely preſt,
Her Saddle-Bow a Scimiter confeſt:
Thus ſingular ſhe march'd, nor mingl'd with the reſt.

Love's pow'rful Goddeſs with three Coaches came, *Venus.*
The *Firſt* was Purple all, and Golden Flame;
In it there laughing ſat the *Little Elf*,
The three bright *Graces*, and her Charming ſelf.
The *Second* brought reſpectfully along
Her Courtiers, of the Short Robe and the Long.
Domeſtic Servants in the *Third* were ſeen,
The Prince's Tutor, and her Chamberlain;
Nor did they honeſt *Gamon* overlook
The Squire of the Mouth and Maſter Cook.

Saturn had chanc'd, being glandery and old, Jupiter's *Father.*
To take a Doſe of Phyſick for his Cold;
But yet he came, in a cloſe Litter cas'd,
With, underneath the Seat, a Baſin plac'd.

Mars rode a Warrior-Horſe; the Azure Roofs
Reſounded with his ſupernat'ral Hoofs:
The God a Corſlet on his Body wore,
And on his Hat a ſcarlet Plumage bore.

But the two Deities of Corn and Wine, Bacchus, *and Ceres.*
Together went, and in deep Conference join.

Neptune beſtrode that Dolphin which durſt try Jupiter's *Brother.*
Celeſtial Waves, and ſwim in Liquid Sky.

Sea-Weeds, and Oozy-Slime, and Briny Mud
Was all the Clothing of the wretched God;
His pitying Mother's tender Nature ſhook,
To ſee her Son's mean Herring-catching Look:
In chiding Phraſe ſhe tax'd *Saturnian Jove*
With want of Bowels, and Fraternal Love.
The Maiden-Deity was out o'th' way; *Diana.*
So Fortune will'd, 'twas *Dian*'s Waſhing-Day,
And ſhe was early with her Nymphy Train
Gone to the Marſhes near the *Tuſcan* Main; (6)
Nor homewards turn'd before the Northern Bear
Had roll'd her Waggon into dusky Air.
Knitting of Woolſted Hoſe *Latona* came, Diana's (7)
To make Excuſes for the By-Blow Dame. *Mother.*
Nor did the Thund'rer's Counterpart Juno *Wife to*
appear, *Jupiter.*
No Day but that wou'd ſerve to cut her Hair. (8)
Nor did the Sacred Siſters come, but Clotho, Lacheſis,
ſent, *and* Atropos.
Menippe, *Jove*'s Kitchin-Clerk to repreſent,
They Bak'd that Morn, and juſt began to Brew,
And had a deal of Spinning-work to do.
Silenus ſtaid i'th' Lobby, with deſign *The Butler.*
To mingle Water in the Footmens Wine. (9)
And now Heav'n's Palace-Gates begin t'unfold,
The Maſſy Bars reſound, and Bolts of beaten Gold:
Paſſing the proud Parade, the Gods reſort,
And reach the Royal Hall within the Court.
There the rich Walls with dazling Tap'ſtry ſhine,
Of ever-during Price, and Work Divine.

There,

There, the moſt Brilliant Gems, the Eaſtern boaſt,
Eclips'd, but dimly ſhine, and mourn their Luſtre loſt.
The pow'rful Heroes of the Realms of Bliſs,
Were ſat beneath their Starry Canopies;
Drums ſtrait and Trumpets of inflated Gold,
The Coming of th'Immortal King foretold.
A Hundred Menial Servants foremoſt paſs,
By Chiefs ſucceeded, of ſuperior Claſs.
And next to theſe ſtout *Hercules* appear'd,
With Club in hand, the Captain of the Guard:
His Intellect not yet entirely ſound,
He liberally diſpens'd his Oak around;
So when a drunken *Swizzer* clears the way
Before the Pope on ſome Proceſſion-Day,
The inſolent Man-Beaſt does Terror ſpread,
And this Man's Arms he breaks, and t'other's Head.
The Thieving God came next; his Right *Mercury.*
Hand bore
The Spectacles and Hat of *Jupiter*;
And in his Left a huge green Bag he held,
With *Mortals* Caſes and ~~Petitions~~ fill'd:
Theſe afterwards, in ſolemn Form, he plac'd
On two Cloſe-Stools which *Jove*'s Back-Cloſet grac'd;
There, twice a Day, Mankind's Requeſts are ſure
To be perus'd, and paſs the *Signature*.
At length came *Jove*; his Radiant Head was
bound
With * Stars, by Sublunarians lately found;

---

* *The* Satellites, *four Stars diſcover'd by* Galileo *about a hundred Years ago, round the Planet of* Jupiter.

A Mantle of Imperial Make, and worn
But rarely, did his ſacred Back adorn:
His Shoes were Gold; a Scepter of Command,
Form'd like a Biſhop's Staff, imploy'd his Hand:
His pompous Waſtcoat was a Preſent made
The God, by thoſe who drive the Silken Trade:
Behind, the Arms of *Ganymede* ſuſtain
The Cloke of *Jove*, and Mantle's Length of Train.
The King appears; the Senators all riſe,
And their Eternal Monarch recognize;
They bow'd profound, nor upwards rais'd their Face,
Till on his High-built Throne he took his place.
On his Left Hand, in eminent Degree,
Sat *Fortune*; on his Right ſat *Deſtiny*:
Death and bald *Time* beneath his Feet he puts,
Both ſeem'd to have the Griping of the Guts. *Cacarella.*

This Side and that he turn'd his dread Regard, (10)
The Winds grew ſtill, not the leaſt Murmur heard;
The Heav'n Serene; at length he Silence broke,
And *Earth* and *Ocean* trembled as he ſpoke:
He took beginning from the Day, when firſt
The World with Frogs and horrid Rats was curſt;
Forth from the Womb of Time to Light he brought,
Battles in Lunar Regions yet unfought:
But now, cry'd *Jove*, *far fiercer Brands are hurl'd*
Between the Sipa *and the* Potta *World.*
How many broken Pates have been exchang'd
You know, and what at firſt their Hearts eſtrang'd:
But now a Bucket's new unheard-of Cauſe,
Has arm'd their Rage, and into Battle draws;

Threatning

Threatning the Frame of Nature to immerſe,
And Topſy-Turvy turn the Univerſe.
To quench this Fire, and reconcile their Odds,
Imperial Jove *conſults his Houſe of Gods.*
He ſpoke, and to old *Saturn* turn'd his Face;
Saturn ſat next, and fill'd the ſecond Place:
The Antient ſmil'd, with Spleen replete and Wind,
And drawing an unſav'ry Sigh behind,
Oons is this All? crys the malignant Sire,
I thought at leaſt the World had been on Fire!
What is't to us, if that damn'd Bog below
Be Bleſt or Curſt? If War or Peace they know?
If chear'd by Good, or by bad Fortune wrung?
——I ſhou'd be glad to ſee 'em all well hung. (11)
At this Reply the Warrior-God up-roſe,
And partly ſmooth'd, and partly knit his Brows:
Well-ſaid, old Boy! cry'd *Mars, Of what Import*
Is Human Care to this Eternal Court?
He that is born for Slav'ry, let him ſlave;
Let Gods enjoy their Heav'n, and what their Fortune gave.
Unleſs my Cocky pleaſe, I'll take no Part; *Looking at Venus.* (12)
Or if ſhe bids, I'll make both Cities ſmart:
A double Carnage ſhall my Fury feaſt,
With Piles of Dead as high as Heav'n increaſt:
Torrents of Sweat and Vital Blood I'll ſluce,
And inundate the Fields with Human Juice.
" Brave Cavaleer, thus *Pallas* ſpoke, we own,
" Your Fame to Tripe and Butter-women known:
" Nor can you palm on Heav'nly Ears for News,
" The thredbare Talk of *Billingſgate* and Stews:

" But if thy Heart with generous Ardour beats,
" If thou desir'st the Fame of Worthy Feats,
" Go then, and strengthen the *Modenian* Side,
" I by my dear *Bolonians* will abide;
" And thus assisted, let the Cause be try'd.
" *Bolonia* ever has unweary'd strove
" To cultivate those Studies which I love;
" Nor will I, now Occasion calls, with Hand
" In Girdle stuck, a bare Spectator stand:
" If thou to real Glory dost pretend,
" And hunger'st for the Prize, to Earth descend!
" Nor will I fail to meet thee in the Field,
" And either win the Palm, or bravely yield."
Pierian Phœbus waited till sh'had done;
Then, in the most respectful Terms begun:
Bright Maid, Thou shalt be seconded, he crys,
Nor singly shalt ingross this Enterprize:
One Int'rest Pallas *and* Apollo *share;*
Their Cause the same, the same shall be their Care:
Bolonia *from her Cradle has been mine;*
To me devoted, and the Sacred Nine.
My Altars with perpetual Incense smoke,
On me she calls, nor vainly does invoke:
Her scornful Haters shall severely know
The Strength of her Immortal Patron's Bow.
The Ruddy God with longing Eyes had dwelt — *Bacchus.*
On *Citherea*'s Charms, and Love's sweet Poison felt: — *Venus.*
Then turning to th'Assembly from his Stall,
Unaided shall my Darling City fall?

That

That City which from Morn till Ebbing Night (13)
Treads one continu'd Circle of Delight;
Which to my Honour ſpends the live-long Day
In Feaſts, Songs, Tourneys, Maſquerades and Play?
Shall that lov'd Place, where ſuch ſweet Juice abounds,
Behold me Idle when the Trumpet ſounds?
Forbid it Love's bright Mother! Thou whoſe Eyes
Can Strength un-nerve, and Wiſdom's ſelf ſurprize!
With me deſcend, Apollo *ſoon ſhall know*
His Beard of Gold *is changeable to* Tow. (14)
Venus return'd a Smile with luſhious Eyes,
As when the Soul in melting Pleaſure dies;
And gave the * Twice-born God a ſecret Sign
She lik'd his Motion, and her Aid wou'd join.
The bluſtring God of * Arms, with Eyes intent
On *Jove*'s † Increaſe, perceiv'd which way ſhe bent;
And loving Noiſe and Quarrel as his Blood,
Abruptly cry'd, *I'll make a Third by G——d;*
Let others, as their Fancies pleaſe, divide,
But Venus *ever ſhall be* Mars's *Guide.*
What Road the World's fair Gladder takes, I take,
And Mars *forſakes all thoſe who Her forſake.*
For Her, this yet unconquer'd Sword I wield,
For Her my Shoulder bears this pondrous Shield;
For Her Panaro's *Flood ſhall overflow,*
And gorge with Human Gore the diſtant Po.

---

* Bacchus *had two Births.* See his Hiſtory.
† Venus *was* Jove's *Daughter.*

Here *Pallas* ſmil'd; but *Vulcan*, plac'd aſide,
And hearing *Mars*, with Look-a-skew reply'd:
Is then my Bed, curſt Villain, common grown?
And dar'ſt thou thus aloud the Treaſon own?
Is Jove *too, equal* Jove, *become ſo baſe,*
To turn Confed'rate in his Child's Diſgrace?
'Twere a good Deed by Styx —— with that he pluck'd
His Hammer from his Side, and threatning look'd.
Mars ſtarting up, full at the limping Smith
His Gauntlet threw, and hit him 'twixt the Teeth.
"Take that, miſhapen Dog, the Hero ſe'd,
"And for the time to come be better bred."
Jove, riſing, ſtretch'd his Scepter out, between;
How now, ye Scoundrel Gods, What is't you mean?
Where do ye think ye are? By * *Mackins, Sirs,*
Your Rudeneſs ſhall be puniſh'd e'er Jove *ſtirs.*
My Thunder there! —— The feather'd Squire obey'd,
And to his Lord th'Artillery ſoon convey'd.
But *Vulcan* at the Thunderer's Footſtool kneel'd,
And from *Juſt Jove* to *Jove* the *Good* appeal'd;
With Floods of Tears he wept the broken Vows
And the ill Conduct of his wanton Spouſe.
Mean time the Goddeſs to avoid the weight *Venus*
Of Wrath Paternal, and a Husband's Hate,
Out at a Poſtern-Door in ſecret flew,
Nor bid her Kindred of the Sky *adieu.*

---

* A Macone: *for if he had ſwore by* Styx, *it had been unalterable.*

The

The Pow'r Armipotent and Grape's plump God *
Purſu'd, nor waited for a beckning Nod.
Attended thus, to Earth ſhe took her way,
And at an Inn that Night betwixt them lay.
What Pleaſures paſs'd, what Dalliances enſu'd,
I veil, nor will the baſhful Muſe intrude;
She turns aſide her Lyre, nor dares repeat
What's done when *Planets* in Conjunction meet:
But Whiſperers, to the Muſe ſome things reveal'd,
(Her Ears were open, tho her Lips were ſeal'd)
" That e'er the Humid Goddeſs of the Night,
" Chac'd by the Riſing Morn had ta'en her Flight,
" *Mars* and the * *Theban* Youth, with Zeal uncow'd,
" Twice Fifteen Times with *Vulcan*'s Heifer plow'd. (15)
The Hoſt did Poultry keep, a numerous Store,
With new-laid Eggs like Sands upon the Shore.
Of theſe the choiceſt, each immortal Rake,
Debilitated, did a Hundred take:
The Goddeſs with a Couple was content,
For ſhe requir'd no *Foreign* Aliment;
And that ſhe might not give Suſpicion room,
A Stripling's Form ſhe wiſely did aſſume.
Her Coat was Tabby, white as new-preſt Milk,
And cut upon a Ground of Crimſon Silk:
Her Jerkin of the ſame, perfum'd all o'er;
Her Iv'ry Leg an Azure Stocking wore;

* Mars *and* Bacchus.
† Bacchus *was born of a* Theban *Mother.*

A colour'd Belt ſurrounds her tender Loins,
And Snow-white Shoe her pretty Foot confines;
A Golden-hilted Dagger grac'd her Side,
And her cockt Hat look'd ſmart with Plumy Pride.
A true *Bolonian* Native was the Hoſt; (16)
Some ſay he Squinted, ſome, an Eye had loſt:
The Squints are Circumſpect. The Orbs of Light
Reduc'd to *One*, project a keener Sight.
Be that as 'twill, the Man's ſuſpicious Brain
Began ſtrange Jealouſies to entertain:
He ſhook his Head, and did not like to ſee
His Gueſts ſo very fond of lying *Three*,
When he had Beds to ſpare: "By this good Light,
(Quoth he, within himſelf) "It is not right."
They, who his Thoughts by Intuition knew,
Call'd for the Bill, and ſuddenly withdrew;
For fear the Traitor, on ſome falſe Report,
Shou'd charge them in the *Inquiſition-Court*.
With haſty Steps to *Modena* they went;
Where, on their lov'd Feſtivity intent,
The Shops were ſhut, and all the Cits at Strife
To win the *Pallio* *, dearer than their Life.
Soon as the Strangers come in ſight, they ſtare,
And eager ask each other, who they are?
Moſt took 'em for Comedians, who were come
Beforehand to provide an Acting-Room:
Mars was the *Bully*, *Bacchus* was the *Spark*,
And that *Sweet Youth* the *Wife*; nor did they miſs
the Mark.

---

* *The* Pallio *is a rich piece of Stuff, which they hang at the end of a Street, to be run for either on Horſeback, or with Aſſes,* &c.

A Random Shot thus ſometimes true will glance,
And Thoſe have Propheſy'd who ſpoke by chance;
The *Blanks* and *Prizes* in one Veſſel reſt,
And many a true word's often ſpoke in jeſt.
When the three Gods had hooft it up and down,
Thro every Paſſage of the ſtinking Town; (17)
When they its Avenues had view'd with Care,
The Peoples Courage, and their Art in War;
Strait to a Tavern they retir'd, which lay
Snug and ſecreted from the beaten way:
With Capons, Partridg, and delicious Wines
Of * *Trebbian* Growth, they ſup'd like *Paladines*.
But whilſt theſe Gods indulge to Chear and Mirth,
Pallas and *Phœbus* make Deſcent on Earth::
Bolonia and *Romania* they inſpire,
And all the Youth with Martial Fury fire.
Whatever ties the *Rubicon* and *Rhine*,
Extending in an intermediate Line;
Whatever at the Mountain's Root takes place,
And running Sea-ward, fills the middle Space,
Confederate with *Bolonia*, and prepare
The Bucket to re-conquer by a War.
Our Lovers heard the News, and on their Side
For a moſt vigorous Defence provide.
Bacchus, his faithful *Germans* did invite, (18)
And went himſelf their Troops to expedite:
The *Germans* his Deſire no ſooner knew,
But ſudden, Horſe and Foot, to Arms they flew;

* Trebbiano *is a White Wine, made of the ſweeteſt ſort of Grape that is*; *in* Latin *commonly call'd*, Vinum Trebulanum.

Bleſſing

Bleſſing *October*, and *St. Martin*'s Shrine, (19)
And hoping all to ſwim in Seas of Wine.
Mars, buſy'd, ſtays in *Italy*, and trains
To Arms the *Parma* and *Cremona* Swains.
Venus reſolv'd to try if ſhe cou'd bring
In Perſon to the Field a certain King.
Where * *Arno* does his Watry Tribute pay
To Midland *Tethys*, and refunds the Sea,
The Goddeſs paſs'd; and by the Nereids born,
Gorgona † reach'd e'er next returning Morn:
From thence ſhe ſpeeded to *Sardinia*'s Iſle,
Of *Cheeſe* and *Raſcals* a productive Soil.

---

* *A River running into the* Mediterranean *not far from* Leghorn.
† *A ſmall Iſland.*

EXPLICA-

EXPLICATIONS ON THE SECOND CANTO.

(1) *UPON the Bench which foremoſt did advance.*

As for this *Taſſoni*, whom the Poet would have to be the Author of his Family, it is not certainly known that he was at that time Chief of a Bench: But however, his Name is found (in the Chronicles of that City) among the Antients and Conſervators thereof, for near eight and twenty years.

(2) *Geud Meſter* Marcel *we're nut to be ſunn'd.*

He equivocates and plays upon the word *Marcello*, which in *Venice* is a Piece of Mony worth twelve *Sous*; firſt coin'd by Pope *Marcellus*. *Bolonino* is likewiſe a Piece of Coin of a ſmaller Value, us'd in *Bolonia*.

I thought it proper to mimick in ſome degree this Banter of *Manfred*'s, upon the Co-incidence of the Ambaſſadors Name and thoſe Coins.

(3) *The Learn'd Profeſſor* Baldi *now they name.*

Dr. *Camillo Baldi* was Prælector of *Bolonia*, and a Friend of the Author's. He had an Eſtate at *Grevalcore*, a marſhy Soil; where, at the firſt appearance of the Frogs, the *Modenois* have a Saying, by way of Raillery, That the People of *Grevalcore* can't ſtarve that year; becauſe of the Frogs, which they eat in abundance.

(4) Panſa *upon this ſpot in days of yore.*

In truth, *Appian* of *Alexandria* deſcribing the place where the Conſul *Panſa* was ſlain by *Marc Antony*, ſeems to point at the

the Valleys of *Grevalcore*, where as well the People as the Frogs are born Green and Yellow.

(5) *The Yearly League they presently renew,*
With those of Parma *and* Cremona *too.*

The Histories of those Times shew, that the *Modenois*, the *Parmesans*, and the *Cremonois* were always Confederates.

(6) *Gone to the Marshes of the* Tuscan *Main.*

He means the Marshes of *Siena*, the Wits whereof are reported to have a secret Intelligence with that Goddess.

(7) *Knitting of Woolsted-Hose* Latona *came.*

Old cast Whores do commonly apply themselves to such sort of Work.

(8) *No day but that wou'd serve to cut her Hair.*

He alludes to certain cross-grain'd Devils of Wives, who always contrive their Business so as to disgust their Husbands. If he has Strangers, they'l scour that day: If he has a mind to have Dinner betimes, they'l not appear till the last Course: If he wants 'em, they are going to have their Hair cut. Others will never begin to dress, till the Meat's just serving in, to make the Company wait a little. Obstreperous, Insolent, Hypocritical Vixens!

(9) *To mingle Water in the Footmens Wine.*

A Fashion in the Great Mens Families at *Rome*, that the Servants mayn't get drunk. One of those undesir'd Favours which the Charitable Moderns frequently confer!

Battles in Lunar Regions yet unfought.

See *Lucian.*

(10) *This side and that he turn'd his dread Regard.*

Signior *Gulielmo Moons*, Agent of the most Serene Elector of *Cologne*, compar'd this Passage with the like in *Homer* and *Virgil*, and did not think it equal to theirs; but I know, the Poet had no design to enter into Competition with them.

Between the Sipa *and the* Potta *World.*

Dante says,

Trà sauna, e'l Ren dove si dice Sipa.

This Explication of *Salviani*'s is so short, it needs an Explication. I have done it before in the Course of the Poem it self.

(11) *I shou'd be glad to see 'em all well hung.*

Saturn, a Malignant Planet, always threatning Mischief to Mankind, makes an Answer here very sutable to his Nature. *Mars* applauds his Answer; being likewise a Planet of a bad Quality.

(12) *Unless my Cocky please, I'll take no part.*

The Original runs thus: *Unless my Goddess gainsays, I'll make*

both

both Cities wretched. Upon which *Salviani* obſerves, that the Author ſpeaks Aſtrologically; for if the Star of *Mars* be oppoſite in the Aſpect, or quadrated by that of *Venus*, the Vigour of his evil Influences is abated.

(13) *That City which from Morn till ebbing Night.*

At *Modena* are made the moſt and beſt Masks of any in the world; and the Carnaval is a continual Revelling, Tilting, Dancing, with all manner of Extravagances. There are likewiſe the ſweeteſt *Trebbian* Wines, and others in great plenty.

(14) *His Beard of Gold is changeable to Tow.*

He alludes to the Proverb, *Far la barba di ſtoppa*; *To give a Man a Beard of Tow*; to do him ſome prejudice. He ridicules the Statues of the Pagan Gods, made with Beards of Gold.

(15) *Twice fifteen times with* Vulcan's *Heifer plow'd.*

The Original is, *Cornuted* Vulcan *thirty times.* Upon which, *Salviani* obſerves; Obſcenity cou'd not be more modeſtly deliver'd, nor Heatheniſm more ſharply derided. Some have thought to imitate theſe Sarcaſms upon the Heathen Gods, and have ſunk into Dulneſs and Sterility.——But every one's wiſe in's own Conceit.

(16) *A true* Bolonian *Native was the Hoſt.*

The common People of *Bolonia* are generally very ſly: Add to this, he kept an Inn, and ſquinted into the bargain.

(17) *Thro ev'ry Paſſage of the ſtinking Town.*

The Poet gives it this Epithet, becauſe of the Streets being perpetually full of Ordure; govern'd rather by the Goddeſs *Turdana* than the God *Phœbus.* Another Poet ſays,

A Town there ſtands in Lombard *Air,*
And Modena *'tis writ,*
Where ev'ry Chriſtian Paſſenger
Is ſure to be beſh—t.

The People of *Modena*, however, will tell you, that their City has two Streets throughout; one for Men, and the other for Beaſts: meaning that the Portico's or Gallerys, at every door, may ſerve the Men.

(18) Bacchus *his faithful* Germans *did invite.*

Bacchus cou'd not have invited a People better affected to him, and more at his devotion; nor cou'd he have invited them to a place where they cou'd be better treated: for *Modena* affords the very beſt of Wines, and in ſuch quantity that three *Julios* will purchaſe a Barrel [18 *d.* a Barrel, I think, is cheap enough o' conſcience: this muſt be underſtood at

at the time the Poet writ, a hundred years ago.] *Salviani* goes on: This Place may be therefore said to be the Kingdom of *Bacchus*, and the *Germans* Land of Promise.

(19) *Blessing* October *and St.* Martin's *Shrine.*

This is the first Saint that comes after Vintage, and his Day is usually set apart for proving the new Wines: Besides, *Gregorio Turonese*, among the Miracles of this Saint, reckons some Multiplications of Wine. So that upon all these accounts, the *Germans* ought to have in particular Veneration this great Saint.

To

TO let the Reader a little further into the Humour of this Poem, I ſhall give him the beginning of the Third Canto; which he will find entire *in the Volume next publiſh'd.*

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

Venus appears to the King of Sardinia *in a Dream, and animates him to the War againſt the* Bolonians. *The Emperor ſends to him likewiſe upon the ſame. The* Modenois *draw their Army together from all Parts. The Characters and Humours of the ſeveral Captains and Troops repreſented, and exemplify'd by the ſeveral Deviſes on their Standards and Colours.*

CALM was the Sea, in Gray the Sky was dreſt,
The Waves kept ſilence, and the Winds at reſt;
Aurora deck't with Flow'rs, with Dew-drops ſpread,
Rear'd, from the liquid Element, her Head:

Night's Sable-Scarf ſhe into pieces rent,
Be-ſtarr'd with Silver of the Firmament:
When the bright Goddeſs, whoſe reſiſtleſs Sway *Venus.*
All things in Earth, and Air, and Sea obey,
Appear'd, beneath an unknown Fair's Diſguiſe,
To Royal * *Henzio*'s Intellectual Eyes.
With fixt regard the lovely Spright begun:
Honour of Arms! O Fredrick's *Worthy Son!*
Auſonian *Cities antient Feuds revive,*
And all things headlong to Confuſion drive:
But Modena, *expos'd above the reſt,*
Is on all Sides with threatning Danger preſt;
That Modena *which ſtill her Faith preſerv'd,*
And never from the Sacred Empire *ſwerv'd.*
And doſt thou here, ſurrounded by the Deep,
Regardleſs of her Cries, ſupinely ſleep?
Awake thou Slug-a-bed, for Arms prepare,
And let thy Faithful Friends thy Succour ſhare!
For Thee an unexpected Fortune waits;
Thou ſhalt the Bucket ſave, ſo will the Fates;
That Bucket in whoſe Quarrel ſhall be fought
Such Battles, as tranſgreſs the Bounds of Thought:
No future Time, nor what's already roll'd,
Such Efforts ever did, or ſhall behold.

---

* Moreri, *in the Article* Bolonia, *ſays, It was* Ezzelin *that ingag'd and was taken Priſoner in this War by the* Bolonians, *and that he was Son to* Frederick *II. But he miſtakes*; Ezzelin *was another Perſon, Lord of* Padua, *and other Places, and ſo great a Tyrant, that he was look'd upon rather as a Son of ſome Devil, and ſo accounted by the* Italian *Writers.*

The Vict'ry ſhall with Modena *remain;*
She ſhall the Laurel win, but win with Pain.
Thou ſhalt the Hoſtile City enter. There
A youthful Damſel ſhall thy Heart enſnare;
The Faireſt, moſt accompliſht of her kind,
For outward Form and Graces of the Mind:
A ſecret Ardour ſhall thy Breaſt inflame,
And thou ſhalt languiſh for the beauteous Dame:
But all things in the end ſhall happy prove,
Thy Wiſhes crown'd, and thou enjoy her Love.
And when thou yieldſt to Fate, thy noble Race
Shall rule that People, and aſcend thy Place:
Their Glory on the Wings of Fame ſhall ride,
Auſonia's *Envy, and* Lombardia's *Pride.*

Here *Venus* ſuddenly to Flight betook,
And Sleep the Royal Dreamer's Eyes forſook.
The Windows firſt he views thro Curtains drawn,
And whitening in the Eaſt beholds the Dawn:
Then calls to dreſs, with fierce impatient Roar,
And from the *Feathers* lanches on the *Floor.*
A Sword, which was behind the Bolſter laid,
He drew, and like a Combatant diſplay'd;
He hack'd the Chairs, and puſh'd againſt the Wall,
And ſhook the Blade, and ſtruck the *Urinal:*
Thrice did the Pot rebound, at length to Earth
It came, and gave a thouſand Chuckers *Boys Chuckers.*
Birth.
The Liquor unconfin'd, and apt to ſeek
A Channel, lengthens out a guttering Streak.
Mean while a Page, the Preſence entring, bears
A Meſſage of Concern to Royal Ears:

A Courier, from the Emperor ſent Expreſs,
Was juſt arriv'd, and waited for Acceſs:
Acceſs was granted ſoon, " *Frederick* deſires,
" By Letters dated from his Court at *Spires*,
" That he wou'd Troops diſpatch, with proper ſpeed,
" To *Modena*, which ſtood in utmoſt need."
The Letter read, the King reſolves to go
In Perſon, and confront the threat'ning Foe.
Strait Horſe and Foot he rais'd, a num'rous Hoſt,
Of Friends, and Vaſſals on the *Piſan* Coaſt.
Whilſt thus *Sardinia*'s King his Aid prepares,
Glad *Modena* the welcome Tidings hears,
That Count *Nebrona*, with Six Hundred Horſe,
Had paſs'd the *Alps*, and join'd *Cremona*'s Force.
Frederick, not being able to attend
Himſelf, thought fit this valiant Chief to ſend;
A Baron! and the Empire's *Champion* ſtil'd,
A mortal Enemy to Water boil'd.
But now a Spy the *Modenois* alarms
With News, that all *Romania* was in Arms:
On this they call'd a Council, and agreed
To open the Campaign with utmoſt ſpeed,
To try if they cou'd daſtardize the Foe,
And ſtrike ſome *Coup d'Eclat*, ſome glorious Blow;
They quit their Junkets, and from various Parts
At the ſame inſtant their whole Army ſtarts:
Their Orders were at ſix Days end to meet
At an appointed Place (*Graſſoni*'s Seat)
Thither each Chief his March was to direct,
And there the *Potta*'s Standard to expect.

Muſe!

Muſe! Thou who didſt ingroſs each Hero's Name
In the unweildy *Ledger-Book* of Fame:
O let thy humble Slave a Copy take,
For their Grandchildren's Children's Children ſake!
So ſhall their Glorious Deeds outſhine the Day,
And your Petitioner ſhall ever pray.

Graſſoni's Seat ſtands near *Panaro*'s Beach,
An Arrow drawn with Strength the Space may reach.
On the Sixth Day preciſe, with Beat of Drum,
Theſe from the *High-Lands*, thoſe the *Lowlands* come.
Culagna's Count, the F——g of the Age,
Was the firſt Object did all Eyes ingage:
A Thouſand differing Talents were his Share,
A Bigot, Poet, and Philoſopher.
In times of Peace, for Action he was ripe,
In dang'rous Times a very Bit of Tripe.
Some monſtrous Giant he had often kill'd,
Which prov'd to be the Blood of Capons ſpill'd.
Long live * Martano, thus the Boys wou'd cry,
But at a diſtance kept, nor durſt come nigh.
Two Hundred Sharpers was his Complement,
Devour'd with Vermin, and with Hunger ſpent;
But he *Two Thouſand* boaſted to the Foke,
And the beſt Regiment that e'er ſtruck Stroke.
On his rich Banner, wrought with Silk and Gold,
A *Peacock* did its ſtately Train unfold:
A Silver-Armour his fine Shape adorns,
His Head a Creſt, with Feathers charg'd and Horns.

---

* *A great Coward in* Arioſto.

The

A Courier, from the Emperor ſent Expreſs,
Was juſt arriv'd, and waited for Acceſs:
Acceſs was granted ſoon, " *Frederick* deſires,
" By Letters dated from his Court at *Spires*,
" That he wou'd Troops diſpatch, with proper ſpeed,
" To *Modena*, which ſtood in utmoſt need."
The Letter read, the King reſolves to go
In Perſon, and confront the threat'ning Foe.
Strait Horſe and Foot he rais'd, a num'rous Hoſt,
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---

* *A great Coward in* Arioſto.

The

The Second was the Lord *Montauban* ſtil'd,
Hotheaded, Rakiſh, Furibund and Wild.
Young tho he was, yet he had Wit at Will,
Nor ever did his Tongue or Hand lie ſtill:
Unlimited at Play, and in a trice
Wou'd loſe the Univerſe at Cards or Dice.
Inventive of new Oaths on any Theme,
Swear like a *Scot*, or like a *Jew* blaſpheme.
A good Companion tho: Of Malice void,
And many a roaſted Cheſnut had deſtroy'd.
Seven Hundred rawbon'd Ruſticks he commands,
Drawn in to liſt from off his Father's Lands.
His Standard bore a painted * *Mongibell*,
Diſgorging againſt *Heav'n* the Flames of *Hell*.

---

* *A burning Mountain in* Sicily.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Pag. 36. lin. ult. for *Flight* r. *Fight.*
37. lin. laſt but two, r. *Friends.*

Advertiſement,

LEST ſome Readers, notwithſtanding what's ſaid in the Preface, ſhou'd think much at being oblig'd to buy the *Italian* with the *Engliſh*, it is intended, in the future Parts of this Work, to ſell them diſtinct.

Books Printed for *E. Sanger* at the *Middle Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet*.

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The Works of *William Shakeſpear*, Vol. the 7th. containing *Venus* and *Adonis*, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, and his Miſcellany Poems, with Critical Remarks on his Plays.

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Memoirs of the Royal Houſe of *Savoy*, ſhewing by what Maxims and Policy that Family has arriv'd to its preſent Grandure. Tranſlated from an *Italian* Manuſcript wrote by one of the Prime Miniſters of that Court. To which is added an Hiſtorical Abſtract of the Illuſtrious Princes of that Family, with a Preface concerning the preſent poſture of Affairs in *Savoy*.

Philippick Orations, to incite the *Engliſh* againſt the *French*; but eſpecially to prevent the treating of a Peace with them, too ſoon after they are beaten: offer'd to the Privy-Council of *England* in the year of Chriſt 1514. by an uncertain Author, who was not only for paring the Nails, but quite plucking out the Claws of the *French*. Now juſt publiſh'd by *John Toland*.

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Now in the Preſs,

The Works of [illegible]ſieur *BOILEAU*.

LA SECCHIA RAPITA, Poema Eroicomico.

DEL

Sig. Alessandro Tassoni.

CON LE

DICHIARAZIONI

DEL

Sig. Gasparo Salviani.

M. DCC. X.

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OCT

A chi Legge.

LA Secchia Rapita, Poema di nuova ſpecie inventata dal Taſſoni, contiene un' impreza meza Eroica, e meza Civile, fondata sù l' Iſtoria della guerra, che paſsò trà i Bologneſi, e i Modaneſi al tempo dell' Imperadore Federico Secondo, nella quale Enzio Rè di Sardegna figlivolo del medeſimo Federico, combattendo in aiuto de i Modaneſi, reſtò prigione, e prima d' eſſer liberato morì in Bologna, come hoggidì ancora può vederſi dall' Epitafio della ſua ſepoltura, nella Chieſa di San Domenico.

La Secchia di legno, per cagione della quale è fama, che naſceſſe tal guerra, ſi conſerva tuttavia nell' Archivio della Catedrale di Modana, appeſa alla volta della ſtanza con una catena di ferro, quale dicono, che ſerviſſe a chiudere la porta di Bologna,

per onde entrarono i Modaneſi, quando rapirono la Secchia.

Di tal Guerra ne trattano il Sigonio, e'l Campanaccio Iſtorici, & alcune Croniche in penna della Città di Modana, d'onde ſi può vedere, che'l Poema della Secchia Rapita hà per tutto ricognizione d'Iſtoria, e di verità.

L'impreſa è una, e perfetta, cio è con principio, mezo, e fine: e ſe non è una d'un ſolo, Ariſtotile non preſcriſſe mai a i Compoſitori così fatte ſtrettezze. E hoggidì è chiaro, che le azzioni di molti dilettano più, che quelle d'un ſolo, e che è più curioſa da vedere una battaglia campale di qual ſi voglia duello. Percioche il diletto della Poeſia Epica non naſce dal vedere operare un' huomo ſolo: ma dal ſentire rappreſentare veriſimilmente azzioni maravigliose, le quali quanto ſono più, tanto più dilettano. Ma facendoſi operare un ſol' huomo, non ſi può rappreſantare in un' impreſa ſola gran numero d'azzioni; adunque ſarà ſempre più ſicuro l'introdurre più d'uno. E per queſto veggiamo, che l'Arioſto, tutto che non habbia unità di favola, & introduca gran moltiplicità di perſone, diletta molto più dell' Odiſſea d'Omero, per la quantità, e varietà delle azzioni maravigliose ben collegate inſieme. –

Ma communque ſi ſia, quando l'Autore compoſe queſto Poema (che fù una ſtate nella ſua gioventù) non fù per acquiſtar fama in Poeſia, ma per paſſar tempo, e per curioſità di vedere, come riuſcivano queſti due ſtili miſchiati inſieme, Grave, e Burleſco; immaginando, che ſe ambidue dilettavano ſeparati, haurebbono eziandio dilettato congiunti, e miſti, ſe la miſtura foſſe ſtata temperata con artificio tale, che dalla loro ſcambievole varietà, tanto i Dotti, quanto gl' Idioti, haveſſero potuto cavarne guſto. Percioche i Dotti leggono ordinariamente le Poeſie per ricreazione, e ſi dilettano più delle baie, quando ſono ben dette, che delle coſe ſerie: E gl' Idioti, oltre il guſto, che cavano dalle coſe burleſche, ſono eziandio rapiti dalla maraviglia, che le azzioni Eroiche ſogliono partorire.

Hor queſta nuova ſtrada, come ſi vede, è piacciuta communemente. All' Autore baſta haverla inventata, e meſſa in prova con queſto ſaggio. In tanto, com' è facile aggiugnere alle coſe trovate, potrà forſe qualch' altro avanzarſi meglio per eſſa.

Egli nel rappreſentare le perſone paſſate, s'è ſervito di molte preſenti, come i Pittori, che cavano da i naturali moderni le faccie Antiche; percioche è veriſimile, che quello, che

a i dì noſtri veggiamo, altre volte ſia ſtato. Però dove egli hà toccato alcun vizio, è da conſiderare, che non ſono vizi particolari, ma communi del ſecolo; E che per eſempio il Conte di Culagna, e Titta non ſono perſone determinate, ma le Idee d' un Codardo vanaglorioſo, e d'un Zerbin Romaneſco. E tanto baſti, &c.

LA SECCHIA RAPITA
Poema Eroicomico
Del TASSONI.

CANTO PRIMO.

ARGOMENTO.

Del bel Panaro il pian ſotto due ſcorte
A predar vanno i Bologneſi armati,
E da Gherardo altri condotti a morte,
Altri dal Potta ſon rotti, e fugati,
Gl'incalza di Bologna entro le porte
Manfredi, i cui guerrier co i vinti entrati
Fanno per una Secchia horribil guerra,
E tornan trionfanti a la lor terra.

I.

VORREI cantar quel memorando ſdegno,
Ch'infiammò già ne i fieri petti umani
Un'infelice, e vil Secchia di legno,
Che tolſero ai Petroni i Gemignani:
Febo, che mi raggiri entro lo'ngegno
L'orribil guerra, e gl'accidenti ſtrani;

Tù, che ſai poetar, ſervimi d' Aio,
E tienmi per le maniche del ſaio,

2.

E tù Nipote del Rettor del Mondo,
Del generoſo Carlo ultimo Figlio,
Ch'in giovinetta guancia, e'n capel biondo
Copri canuto ſenno, alto conſiglio;
Se da gli ſtudi tuoi di maggior pondo
Volgi tal'hor per ricrearti il ciglio,
Vedrai, s'al cantar mio porgi l'orecchia,
Elena trasformarſi in una Secchia.

3.

Già l' Aquila Romana havea perduto
L' antico nido, e rotto il fiero artiglio
Tant' anni formidabile, e temuto
Oltre i Britanni, ed oltre il mar vermiglio;
E liete, in cambio d' arrecarle aiuto,
L' Italiche Città del ſuo periglio,
Ruzavano trà lor non altrimenti
Che diſciolte Polledre a calci, e denti.

4.

Sol la Reina del mar d' Adria volta
De l'Oriente a le Provincie, a i Regni,
Da le diſcordie altrui libera, e ſciolta
Ruminava ſedendo alti diſegni,
E gran parte di Grecia havea già tolta
Di mano a gli empi uſurpatori indegni;
L'altre attendean le feſte a ſuon di ſquille,
A dare il ſacco a le vicine Ville.

5. *Pari'eran*

5.

Part'eran Ghibelline, e fauorite
Da l'Imperio Aleman per ſuo intereſſe,
Part'eran Guelfe, e con la Chieſa unite,
Che la paſcea di ſpeme, e di promeſſe:
Quindi trà quei del Sipa antica lite,
E quei del Potta ardea, quando ſucceſſe
L'alto, ſtupendo, e memorabil caſo,
Che ne gli Annali ſcritto è di Parnaſo.

6.

Del Celeſte Monton già il Sol uſcito
Saettava co i rai le nubi algenti,
Parean ſtellati i campi, e'l Ciol fiorito,
E sù'l tranquillo mar dormieno i venti,
Sol Zeffiro ondeggiar facea sù'l lito
L'erbetta molle e i fior vaghi, e ridenti,
E s'udian gli Vſignuoli al primo albore,
E gli Aſini cantar verſi d'amore.

7.

Quando il calor de la ſtagion novella,
Che movea i Grilli a ſaltellar ne'prati,
Moſſe improviſamente una procella
Di Bologneſi a'loro inſulti uſati;
Sotto due capi a depredar la bella
Riviera del Panaro vſciro armati,
Paſſaro il fiume à guazzo, e la mattina
Giunſe a Modana il grido, e la ruina.

8.

Modana ſiede in una gran pianura,
Che da la parte d'Auſtro, e d'Occidente

Cerchia di balze, e di ſcoſceſe mura
Del ſelvoſo Apennin la ſchiena algente;
Appennin, ch'ivi tanto all'aria pura
S'alza à veder nel mare il Sol cadente,
Che sù la fronte ſua cinta di gelo
Par che s'incurvi, e che riposi il Cielo.

9.

Da l'Oriente a le fiorite ſponde
Del bel Panaro, e le ſue limpid'acque,
Bologna incontro, e a la ſiniſtra l'onde
Dove il figlio del Sol già morto giacque;
Secchia hà da l'Aquilon, che ſi confonde,
Ne i giri, che mutar ſempre le piacque,
Divora i liti, e d'infeconde arene
Semina i prati, e le campagne amene.

10.

Viveano i Modaneſi a la Spartana
Senza muraglia allor, nè parapetto,
E la foſſa in più luoghi era sì piana,
Che s'entrava, ed uſciva a ſuo diletto:
Il martellar de la maggior campana
Fè più che in fretta ogn'un ſaltar del letto,
Diedeſi a l'arma, e chi balzò le ſcale,
Chi corſe a la fineſtra, e chi al pitale.

11.

Chi ſi miſe una ſcarpa, e una pianella,
E chi una gamba ſola havea calzata,
Chi ſi veſtì a roveſcio la gonella,
Chi cambiò la camicia con l'amata;
Fù chi preſe per targa una padella,
E un ſecchio in teſta in cambio di celata,

E chi con un roncone, e la corazza
Corſe bravando, e minacciando in piazza.

12.

Quivi trouar, che'l Potta havea ſpiegato
Lo ſtendardo maggior con le trivelle,
Ed egli ſteſſo era a cavallo armato
Con la braghetta roſſa, e le pianelle;
Scriveano i Modaneſi abbreviato
Potta per Poteſtà sù le tabelle,
Onde per ſcherno i Bologneſi allotta
L'havean trà lor cognominato il Potta.

13.

Meſſer Lorenzo Scotti huom ſaggio, e forte
Era allor Potta, e decideva i piati:
Fanti, e Cavalli in tanto ad una ſorte
A la piazza corean da tutt'i lati;
Egli, poiche guernite hebbe le porte,
Una ſquadra formò de'meglio armati,
E ne diede il comando, e lo ſtendardo
Al figlio di Rangon detto Gherardo.

14.

Egli dicea; và figlio arditamente,
Frena l'orgoglio di quei marrabiſi,
Non t'eſporre a battaglia acciò perdente
Non reſti mentre ſiam così diviſi;
Ma ferma a la Foſſalta la tua gente,
E guarda il paſſo, e aſpetta nuovi auviſi,
Ch'io ti ſarò, ſe'l mio penſier non falle,
Innanzi ſeſta armato anch'io a le ſpalle.

15.

Così andava a l'impresa il Cavalliero
Dal fior de la Militia accompagnato,
E spettacolo in un leggiadro, e fiero,
Si vedeua apparir da un'altro lato.
Cento Donzelle in abito guerriero
Col fianco, e'l petto di corazza armato,
E l' aste in mano, e le celate in testa,
Comparvero in succinta, e pura vesta.

16.

Venian guidate da Renoppia bella,
Cacciatrice ed arciera a l' armi avezza,
Renoppia di Gherardo era sorella
Pari a lui di valor, di gentilezza,
Ma non havea l' Italia altra Donzella
Pari di gratia a lei, nè di bellezza,
E parea co i virili atti, e sembianti
Rapir i cori, e spaventar gli amanti.

17.

Bruni gli occhi, e i capegli, e rilucenti,
Rose, e gigli il bel volto, avorio il petto,
Le labbra di rubin, di perle i denti,
D' Angelo havea la voce, e l' intelletto.
Maccabrun dall' Anguille in quei commenti
Che fece sopra quel gentil sonetto,
Questa barbuta, e dispettosa vecchia
Scrive, ch'ell'era sorda da un'orecchia.

18.

Hor giunta in piazza ella dicea, Signori,
Noi siam deboli sì, ma non di sorte

Che non poſſiamo almen per difenſori
Guardare i paſſi, e cuſtodir le porte;
Queſte compagne mie ben hauran cuore
Da gire anch' eſſe ad incontrar la morte,
Nè già diſdice a vergine ben nata
Per difender la Patria uſcire armata.

19.

Quel dì, che Barbaroſſa arſe Milano,
Mio Nonno guadagnò queſt' armi in guerra,
Gherardo mio fratel le Chiudea in vano,
Che le porte gittate habbiam per terra;
E s' al cor non vien meno oggi la mano,
Se' l nemico s' appreſſa a queſta terra,
Speriam, che col ſuo ſangue, e la ſua morte
Ei proverà ſe ſian di tempra forte.

20.

Acceſe il cor di generoſo ſdegno
Il magnanimo ardir de la donzella,
Onde con l' armi fuor ſenza ritegno
Correa la gioventù feroce, e bella:
Con maeſtoſo modo, e di ſe degno
Il Potta la raffrena, e la rapella;
Dove andate canaglia berettina
Senza ordinanza, e ſenza diſciplina,

21.

Credete forſe, che colà v' aſpetti
Trebbiano in freſco, e torta in sù 'l tagliere?
Adattateui in fila, huomini inetti,
Nati a mangiar l' altrui fatiche, e bere.
Così frenando i temerari affetti
Deſtingueva in un tratto ordini, e ſchiere;

Gherardo

Gherardo in tanto in opportuno punto
Era correndo a la Foſſalta giunto.

22.

Che Bordocchio Balzan, c'havea condotto
La prima ſquadra, allor quivi arrivato
S'era con molto ardir già ſpinto ſotto
A la torre onde il paſſo era guardato:
Quei della torre haveano il ponte rotto
Da un canto, e'l varco ſtretto indi ſerrato
E'l difendean da merli, e da fineſtre,
Con dardi, mazze, fruſti, archi, e baleſtre.

23.

Il Capitan de la Petronia gente,
Ch'era un'omaccio aſſai polputo, e groſſo,
Gridava da la ripa del torrente
A i ſuoi ch'eran fermati a più non poſſo,
Perche non ſeguitadi alliegramente?
Havidi pora di ſaltar un foſſo?
O volidi reſtar tutti a la coda?
Paſſadi panirum pieni di broda.

24.

Così dicea, quand' ecco in viſta altera
Vide giugner Gherardo a l'altra riva
Onde a deſtra piegar fè la bandiera,
Contra'l nemico ſtuol, ch'indi veniva,
E confidato ne l'amica ſchiera,
I cui tamburi già da lunge udiva,
Spinſe da l'alta ſponda i ſuoi ſoldati
Dal notturno camin ſtanchi, e affannati.

25.

Allor Gherardo à ſuoi diceva, ò forti
Ecco Dio che divide, e che confonde;
Queſti bedani, udite i lor conſorti,
Che ſono del Panaro anco à le ſponde.
Prima del giugner lor, queſti ſien morti
Pochi, e ſtanchi, e ridotti entro a queſt'onde:
Seguitatemi voi, che larga ſtrada
Io vi farò col petto, e con la ſpada.

26.

Così dicendo urta il cavallo, e dove
La battaglia gli par più perigliosa
Si lancia in mezo à l'onda, e'n giro move
La ſpada fulminante, e ſanguinoſa.
Non fè il Capitan Curzio tante prove
Sotto Lisbona mai, nè sù la Moſa,
Quante ne fè trà l'vna, e l'altra ripa
Gherardo allor ſu'l popolo dal Sipa,

27.

Vccise il Bertolotto, e'l corpo graſſo
Spirò ne l'acqua freſca, e fù l'orrore
De l'acqua ch'abborriva in sù quel paſſo
De l'orror de la morte aſſai maggiore;
Vccise appreſſo a lui Maſtro Galaſſo
Cavadente perfetto e ciurmatore,
Vendea ballotte, e poluere, e braghieri,
Meglio per lui non barattar meſtieri!

28.

Senza naſo laſciò Ceſar Viano
Fratel del Podeſtà di Medicina,

E d'un dardo cader fè di lontano,
Trafitto un figlio del Dottor Guaina.
Indi ammazzò il Barbier di Creſpellano,
Che portava la ſpada a la mancina,
E Maſtro Coſtantin da le Magliette,
Che faceva le grucce a le civette.

29.

Un certo bell' umor de i Zambeccari
Gli diede una ſaſſata ne la pancia,
E a un tempo Gian Petronio Scadinari
Gli forò la begghetta con la lancia.
La buona ſpada gli mandò del pari,
Come ſe foſſe ſtata una bilancia,
Ch'a l'uno, e l'altro tagliò il capo netto,
E i tronchi ne la rena hebber ricetto.

30.

Qual già sù'l Xanto il furibondo Achille
Fè del ſangue Troian creſcer quell' onda,
O Ippomedonte a le Tebane Ville
Fè dell' Aſopo inſanguinar la ſponda;
Tal il giovene fier l'onde tranquille
Fà roſſeggiar del ſangue oſtil, che gronda;
Ma da la tanta copia infaſtidita
Diede la Muſa a pochi nomi vita.

31.

L'oſte dal Chiù Zambon dal Moſcatello,
Facea trà gli altri una crudel ruina,
Una zazzera havea da farinello
Senz'elmo in teſta, e ſenza cappellina,
Si riſcontrò con Sabbatin Brunello,
Primo inventor de la ſalciccia fina,

Che

Che gli tagliò quella teſtaccia riccia
Con una peſtarola da ſalciccia.

32.

Bordocchio intanto il fiume havea paſſato
Soverchiand' ogn' incontro, ogni riteguo,
Quando del Potta, che venia, fù dato
Da la torre a Gherardo, e a gli altri il ſegno.
Se n'avide Bordocchio, e rivoltato
Di ripaſſare a i ſuoi facea diſegno,
Ma ne l'onda il deſtrier ſotto gli cade,
E rimaſe prigion frà cento ſpade.

33.

Quei ch'erano con lui dianzi paſſato
Dal figlio di Rangon tutti fur morti;
E già gli altri fuggian rotti, e sbandati,
Del mal conſiglio lor, ma tardi accorti,
Quando in aiuto da vicini prati
Vider venir correndo i lor conſorti,
Che del Panaro a la ſiniſtra ſponda
Paſſar più lenti, ou' è più cupa l'onda.

34.

Gian Maria de la Graſcia, un furbaccioto,
Ch'era di quella ſquadra il Capitano,
Come vide fuggir dal campo rotto
Quei di Bordocchio in ſanguinando il piano,
Rinfacciò lor con diſpettoſo motto
La fuga vile, e l'ardimento inſano,
E furioſo i ſuoi quindi ſpingendo,
Fè de i nemici un Potticidio orrendo.

35.

Radaldo Ganaceti era sù'l ponte
Con molti ſuoi per impedir'il paſſo,
E inſieme col deſtrier tutto in un monte
Fù da la ſponda ruinato al baſſo.
Voltò Gherardo a quel rumor la fronte
E in aiuto de' ſuoi venia à gran paſſo,
Quando comparve il Potta al ſuon di mille
Corni, gridi, tamburi, e trombe, e ſquille.

36.

Si raccoglie il nemico, e ſi ritira
Al terror di tant'armi, al ſuono, a i lampi,
Ma l'incalza Gherardo, e al vanto aſpira
D'haver col ſuo valor rotti due campi.
Corre à deſtra, à ſiniſtra, urta, raggira
Il deſtriero, e di ſangue innonda i campi,
Rotta hà la ſpada, e porta ne lo ſcudo
Cento ſaette, e mezo'l capo hà ignudo.

37.

Mà tratta da l'arcion ferrata mazza,
Fantin Vizzani, e Proſpero Caſtelli,
Aſtor de l'Armi, e Tadeo Bianchi ammazza
E'l Cavaglier Martin de gli Aſinelli.
A queſti ſpada, ſcudo, elmo, e corazza
Fece levar ch'eran dorati, e belli,
Per onorarſen poi, ma veramente
Fù peccato ammazzar sì nobil gente.

38.

Spinte il Potta in aiuto in tanto havea
Le prime inſegne a i Gemignani ſtracchi,

Ed egli verſo il ponte, ove parea
Che più foſſero i ſuoi deboli, e fiacchi,
Sopra una mula à più poter correa,
Che mordendo co i piè giocava à ſcacchi,
Quando ferito fù d'una zagaglia
Quel de la Gracia, e uſcì de la battaglia.

39.

Poiche mirò de i Capitani ſuoi
L'un fatto prigionier, l'altro ferito,
La progenie antichiſſima de i Boi,
E ſi vide ridotta à mal partito,
Quei valoroſi, che facean gli Eroi,
Senza aſpettar chi lor faceſſe invito,
Chi à cavallo, chi à piè per la campagna,
Si diedono a menar de le calcagna.

40.

Ma ratto fù con una ronca in mano
Il Potta lor come un demonio addoſſo,
E tanti ne mandò diſteſi al piano,
Che ne fù il Ciel de la pietà commoſſo:
Quel fiume crebbe sì di ſangue umano,
Che più giorni durò tiepido, e roſſo,
E doue prima il Fiumicel chiamato,
Fù dapoi ſempre il Tepido nomato.

41.

Tutto quel dì, tutta la notte intiera
I miſeri Petroni hebber la caccia,
Ne coperſe ogni ſtrada ogni riviera.
Manfredi Pio, che ne ſeguì la traccia,
Con trecento cavalli alla leggiera
Con tanto ardire ill giovane li caccia,

Che sù il primo ſparir de l'area ſcura
Si trovò giunto alle nemiche mura.

42.

La Porta San Felice aperta in fretta
Fù a i Cittadini ſuoi, ch'erano eſcluſi,
Ma tanta fù la calca in quella ſtretta,
Che i vincitori, e i vinti entrar confuſi;
Quei di Manfredi un tiro di ſaetta
Corſer la terra, e vi reſtavan chiuſi,
S'ei da la porta oue fermato s'era
Non li chiamava toſto a la bandiera.

43.

Spinamonte del Forno, e Rolandino
Savignani, e Aliprando d'Arrigozzo,
De i Denti da Bolugola, e Albertino
Foſciera, e Calatran di Bogomozzo,
Affannati dal caldo, e dal cammino
Trovar non lunge da la porta un pozzo,
E una Secchia calar nuova d'abete
Per rinfreſcarſi, e diſcacciar la ſete.

44.

La caruccola rotta, e ſaltellante,
E la fune annodata in quella mena,
E l'acqua, ch'era aſſai cupa, e diſtante,
Feron più tardi uſcir la Secchia piena:
Le ſi auventaron tutti in un'iſtante;
E Rolandino havea bevuto a pena,
Quand' ecco a un tempo da diverſe ſtrade;
Fur loro intorno più di cento ſpade.

45.

Scarabocchio figlivol di Pandragone,
Petronio Orſo, e Ruffin dalla Ragazza,
E Vianeſe Albergati, e Andrea Griffone,
Venian gridando innanzi ammazza, ammazza.
Mamai i Potteſchi già pronti in sù l'arcione
D'elmo, e di ſcudo armati, e di corazza
Strinſer le ſpade, e rivoltar le facce
A l'impeto nemico, e a le minacce.

46.

E Spinamonte, che la Secchia preſa
Per bere havea, ſpargendo l'acqua in terra,
E tagliando la fune ond'era appeſa,
Se ne ſervì contra i nemici in guerra,
Con la ſiniſtra man la tien ſoſpeſa
Per riparo, e con l'altra il brando afferra,
L'aiutano i compagni, e fangli ſponda
Contra il furor, che d'ogni parte inonda.

47.

Lotto Aldrovandi, e Campanon Ringhiera
Gridavano ambedue, canaglia matta,
Laſciate quella Secchia oue prim'era,
O la beſtialità vi ſarà tratta,
Fatevi innanzi voi, diſſe il Foſchiera,
Notate la conſegna, che v'è fatta,
E in queſto dire un man roveſcio laſcia,
E taglia a Campanone una ganaſcia.

48.

Non fù rapita mai con più fatica
Elena bella al tempo di Sadoco,

Nè combattuta Ariſtoclea pudica
Al par di quella Secchia da un baiocco.
Paſſato a Calatran ſù la lorica,
Si che nel ventre penetrò lo ſtocco
D'un fiero colpo di Carlon Cartari
Falciatore ſouran de' Macellari.

49.

Rolandino ferì d'un ſopramano
Napulion di Fazio Malvaſia,
Ed egli a lui ſtorpiò la manca mano
Con una daga, che brandita havea.
Se di Manfredi un poco più lontano
Era il ſoccorſo, alcun non ne fuggia,
Reſtò ferito quel de la Balugola,
E del tanto gridar gli cade l'ugola.

50.

Manfredi in sù la porta i ſuoi raccoglie,
E l'inimico ſtuol frena, e reprime,
E poiche dal periglio ſi diſcioglie
Torna, e ripoſſa il Ren sù l'orme prime.
Nè potendo moſtrar più degne ſpoglie,
In atto di trofeo leva ſublime
Sopra una lancia l'acquiſtata Secchia
Che preſentarla al Porta s'apparecchia.

51.

Parendo a lui via più nobile, e degno
De la vittoria haver sù'l chiaro giorno
Corſa Bologna, e trattone quel pegno,
Che ſarebbe à nemici eterno ſcorno.
Da la Samoggia un meſſo darne ſegno
A Modana ſpedì ſenza ſoggiorno,

E toſto la Città ſi miſe in core,
Di girgli incontro, e fargli un bell'onore.

52.

Era Veſcovo allor per auventura
De la Città meſſer Adam Boſchetto,
Che di quel gregge havea ſolenne cura,
E'l mantenea d'ogni contaggio netto,
Non dava troppo il guaſto a la ſcrittura,
Ed era entrato al popolo in concetto,
Ch'in cambio di dir Veſpro, e Mattutino
Giocaſſe i beneſici à sbarraglino.

53.

Queſti, poiche venir dal Meſſaggiere
Con quella Secchia udì l'amica gente
Tolta per forza à un popolo sì fiero
Di mezo una Città tanto poſſente,
Si miſe anch'egli in ordine col Clero,
Per girla ad incontrar ſolennemente,
E ſi fè porre intorno il piviale,
Ch'uſava il dì di Paſcha, e di Natale.

54.

Un ſuperbo robon di drappo roſſo
Si miſe il Potta, e una beretta nera,
Che mezo palmo largo, e un dito groſſo
Havea l'orlo d'intorno a la teſtiera.
Gli Anziani appo lui col luco indoſſo
Seguivano a cavallo in lunga ſchiera
Sopra certe lor mule afflitte, e grame,
Che pareano il ritratto de la fame.

55.

Gli portava dinanzi un paggio armato
La ſpada nuda, e la rotella bianca,
E havea dal deſtro, e dal ſiniſtro lato
I due primi Anzian teſte di Banca.
Lo ſtendardo del popolo ſpiegato
Portava il Cont' Ettor di Villafranca,
Giovinetto che Marte havea nel core,
E ne la bocca, e ne' begli occhi Amore.

56.

Due compagnie di lance, e di corrazze,
Una dinanzi, e l'altra iva di dietro,
I Curſori del popol con le mazze
Facevan ritirar le genti in dietro,
Che correan tutte a garra, come pazze,
A la vicina porta di San Pietro,
Per veder quella Secchia a la campagna,
Credendoſi che foſſe una montagna.

57.

In ultimo cinquanta Contadine
Con le gonnelle bianche di bucato,
Ne le caneſtre lor di vinto fine
Portavan pane, vin, torta in buon dato,
Huova ſode, frittate, e gelatine
Al famoſo drapello affaticato,
Che venia con la Secchia, e così andando
Giunſero a la Foſſalta ragionando.

58.

Quivi trovar, che il Prete de la cura
Già confortando antor gli agonizanti,

Gli assolvea da' peccati, e ponea cura
Frà i paterni ricordi onesti, e santi,
Se'n dito annella havean par auventura,
O ne le borse, ò nel giubbon contanti,
E per guardargli dalli furti altrui
Gli togliea in serbo, e gli mettea co' sui.

59.

Manfredi in tanto apparve, e conducea
Dipinta à coppia à coppia la sua schiera.
Portar la Secchia in alto egli facea
Da Spinamonte innanzi a la bandiera,
E di mirto, e di fior cinta l'havea,
Si che spoglia parea pomposa, e altera:
Subito il Potta il corse ad abbracciare,
Dicendogli, ben venga mio compare.

60.

Indi gli chiese, come havea potuto
Con quella Secchia uscir fuor di Bologna,
Che non l'havesse ucciso, ò ritenuto
Quel popolo per ira, ò per vergogna:
Disse Manfredi, Iddio sà dare aiuto
A chi si fida in lui, quando bisogna.
Il nemico a seguirci hebbe due piedi,
E noi quattro à fuggir, come tu vedi.

61.

Fer poi le Cataline il lor invito
Sù l' erba fresca d'un fiorito prato,
E perche ogn'un moriva d'appetito
In un' Ave Maria fù sparecchiato:
Finita la merenda, e risalito
A cavallo ciascuno al loco usato.

Ripre-

Ripreſero il cammino in ver la porta
Raccontando frà lor la gente morta.

62.

Sotto la porta ſtava Monſignore
Con lo ſpruzzetto in man da l'acqua ſanta,
E intonando la laude in quel tenore,
Che fà il capon, quando tal volta canta:
Quivi ſmontaro tutti a fargli honore,
E l'inchinar con l'una, e l'altra pianta,
E a ſuon di trombe ſe n'andar con eſſo
A render gratie a Dio del gran ſucceſſo.

63.

Ma la Secchia fù ſubito ſerrata
Nella torre maggior, dove ancor ſtaſſi
In alto per trofeo poſta, e legata
Con una gran catena a'curvi ſaſſi;
S'entra per cinque porte, ou'è guardata,
E non è Cavallier, che di là paſſi,
Nè pellegrin di conto, il qual non voglia
Veder sì degna, e glorioſa ſpoglia.

Il Fine del Primo Canto.

DI-

DICHIARATIONE
DEL
Sig. GASPARO SALVIANI,
Sopra il Primo Canto.

1 *CHE tolsero a i Petronii i Gemignani.*

I Bolognesi sono chiamati Petronii, e i Modanesi Gemignani, per la moltitudine de' Cittadini dell' una parte, e dell' altra, c'hanno questi nomi, non per disprezzo alcuno, poiche per altro sono nomi de' Santi Protetteri di quelle due Città.

2 *Elena trasformarsi in una Secchia.*

Accenna la conformità, ch'e trà il rapimento d'Elena, e quello della Secchia.

4 *Sol la Reina del mar d'Adria volta*
De l'Oriente a le Provincie, a i Regni.

Veramente la Republica di Venetia in quel tempo veggendo ruinare l'Imperio Greco, attendeva a profittarsi della caduta sua, e non premeva molto nelle cose d'Italia. *Rebuelta de rio, gananza de pescador.*

5 *Che le pascea di speme, e di promesse.*

Questa è moneta, che spende ordinariamente la Corte di Roma, diceva prima.

Ma non havean dal Papa altro che messe.

Fù mutato, perche il satirizare sù l'imperfettioni de' Religiosi, pecca in moralità, e scandaliza gli huomini pii.

10 *Chi corse a la finestra, e chi al pitale.*

Usò questa voce il Poeta; e molt' altre della Corte di Roma: sì per la licenza, che concede Aristotile a i Poeti Epici d'usar varie lingue; ma molto più, perche egli hebbe opinione, che la favella della Corte Romana, fosse così buona come la Fiorentina, e meglio intesa per tutto.

12 *Quivi*

12 *Quivi trovar, che il Potta havea ſpiegato*
Lo ſtendardo maggior con le trivelle.

I Modaneſi portano per impreſa della Città loro una trivella, col motto,

Avià Pervià.

Scriveano i Modaneſi abbreviato.
Potta per Poteſtà, &c.

Queſto non è capriccio del Poeta, come l'hanno tenuti alcuni, ma Hiſtoria vera, cavaca dalle Croniche del Lancillotto, il quale aggiugne anco di più, che occorſe un giorno, che ſementando certi Agricoltori Fagiuoli dentro le rive del Panaro, il Podeſtà di Modona uſcì con gente armata a far loro la ſcorta, perche non foſſero impediti da i nemici, ch'erano anch'eſſi in campagna: onde i Bologneſi come faceti inventarono poi, che il Potta di Modana ſementava i Fagiuoli ſtando a cavallo.

13 *Meſſer Lorenzo Scotti huom ſaggio, e forte,*
Era allor Potta, &c.

Queſti è figurato pe'l Conte Lorenzo Scotti amico del Poeta, che morì poi alla corte dell'Imperatore Mattias.

Al figlio di Rangon detto Gherardo, &c.

Gherardo figlio di Rangone Rangoni, fù veramente in quel tempo, e ſecondo l'Iſtorie del Campanaccio, e del Sigonio furono egli e Tomaſino Gorzani Capitani del popolo Modaneſe in quella guerra, e inſieme col Rè Enzio rimaſero ambidue prigioni.

14 *Frena l'orgoglio di quei marrabiſi, &c.*

Marrabiſi è voce Lombarda, e ſignifica huomini di mal' affare, è propria de' Bologneſi.

Ma ferma a la Foſſalta, &c.

La Foſſalta è un paſſo d'un torrente trà Modana, e'l fiume Panaro, che ſi paſſa a guazzo co i piedi aſciutti.

16 *Venian guidate da Renoppia bella.*

Queſto è nome finto.

23 *Perche non ſeguitadi allegramente.*

Ariſtotile inſegnò all' Epico, ch'egli poteva uſare la varietà delle lingue: Onde il Poeta qui ſi ſerve della regola per introdurre il ridicolo.

25 *Queſti Bedani, &c.*

Bedano appreſſo i Bologneſi ſignifica quello, che appreſſo i Saneſi ſignifica Beſſo, ſcemo, ballordo.

26 *Non fè il Capitan Curzio tante prove.*

Il Capitan Curzio Saracinelli fù huomo braviſſimo, ma milantatore al poſſibile, non s'era fatta guerra in cent' anni, dov'egli non foſſe intervenuto: E non era intervenuto in guerra, dove di ſua mano non haveſſe tagliati a

pezzi

pezzi almeno cent' huomini, e particolarmente nelle guerre di Fiandra, e di Portogallo.

28 *Senza naſo la ſciò Ceſar Viano, &c.*

Queſti fù un Dottore ſenza naſo: ma il colpo era ſtato più toſto di guaina, che di ſpada.

29 *Un certo bell'umor de'Zambeccari.*

Quì è forza narrare un' accidente ridicoloſo intervenuto al Poeta, mentre era allo Studio di Bologna, che forſe diede materia a queſti verſi. Era di Carnevale, e s'andava in Maſchera, e'l Poeta s'era veſtito da Zanni Dottore, con una zimarra, e una beretta di veluto. Incontroſſi in tre altri Maſcherati veſtiti da Zanne in S. Mammolo, i quali toltolo in mezo il cominciarono a urtare, e uno di loro, che portava un formaggetto vecchio legato con una corda, gli diede con eſſo una botta sù lo ſtomacho, e'l fece cadere in terra, e un'altro gli levò la beretta, che gli era caduta nel fango, e glie la portò via, trafugandoſi frà gli altri Maſcherati, e'l fece rimanere un Zanni da dovero. Egli ſeppe dapoi, che queſto, che l'havea fatto cadere era ſtato uno de'Zambeccari. E quello, che gli havea tolta la beretta era ſtato un tal dal Geſſo, che morì poi la State ſeguente; E'l terzo era uno de'Scadinari.

31 *L'Oſte dal Chiù, &c.*

Queſta è un'Oſteria fuori di Porta S. Felice à Bologna, dove ſempre ſuol'eſſere buoniſſimo moſcatello.

39 *La progenie antichiſſima de'Boi, &c.*

Alcuni vogliono, che Bologna foſſe anticamente detta Boionia, da i Galli Boi, che abitarono quivi.

41 *Manfredi Pio, che ne ſeguì la traccia.*

Manfredi Pio non fù molto diſtante à quei tempi, fù capo della fazione Ghibellina, e Vicario Imperiale in quelle parti.

43 *E una Secchia calar nuova d'abete.*

La Secchia, che tuttavia ſi conſerva in Modana, è veramente d'abete, e moſtra, che foſſe nuova, con trè cerchi, e'l manico di ferro. E anticaglia degna d'eſſer veduta, come quella, che tiene il terzo luogo dopo la nave d'Argo, e l'arca di Noè.

48 *Ne combattuta Ariſtoclea pudica, &c.*

Che deſidera di ſapere il ſucceſſo di queſta vergine, legga il Leonico de Varia Hiſtoria, &c.

52 *Era Veſcovo allor per auventura*
De la Città Meſſer Adam Boſchetto.

Bonadamo Boſchetti era veramente Veſcovo di Modona in quei tempi, e come huomo di fazione era ſtato cacciato da i Ghibellini.

Queſta

Questa ottava si leggeva prima così.

Era Vescovo allor per auventura
De là Città messer Adam Boschetti,
Che celebrava con solenne cura
Quando i suoi Preti li facean banchetti.
Non dava troppo il guasto a la scrittura,
Le starne gli piacevano, e i capretti,
E in cambio di dir vespro, e mattutino
Giocava i beneficii à sbarraglino.

Ma perche al Poeta parve d'haver'ecceduto nel motteggiare la persona d'un Vescovo, per altro di nobilissima famiglia, e molto suo amorevole, non ostante, che havesse motteggiata la persona sola, e non la dignità, nè la famiglia, la corresse, come si vede; I difetti delle persone eminenti s'ascoltano con gusto, perche servono di scusa a gl'inferiori delle loro imperfezioni: ma il motteggiar le persone sacre non si può ammettere in buona politica, perche scema la riverenza alla Religione. E per questo furono mutati eziandio quei versi dell'ottava 62.

Sotto la porta stava Monsignore
Dimenando il cotal dell'acqua Santa.
61 *Fer poi le Cataline il lor invito*
Sù l'herba fresca d'un fiorito prato,
E perche ogn'un moriva d'appetito, &c.

Cataline sono chiamate quì le Contadine del Modanese, perche dicono Catalina in cambio di Caterina, e infinite di loro hanno questo nome, ma il proferiscono alla Spagnola, e i Bolognesi le beffeggiano.

63 *Nella torre maggior dove ancor stassi*
In alto per trofeo posta, e legata, &c.

Molti credono, che questa sia favola, ed è Istoria verissima, e in passando da Modona se ne possono chiarire.

Canto

Canto Secondo.

ARGOMENTO.

Mandano i Bologneſi Ambaſciatori
Due volte a domandar la Secchia in vano.
Onde con fieri, ed oſtinati cori
S'armano quinci, e quindi il monte, e'l piano;
Chiama Giove à Concilio i Dei minori,
Contendono frà lor Marte, e Vulcano,
Venere ſi ritira, e ſi diparte,
E'n terra ſe ne vien con Bacco, e Marte.

1.

GIA il quarto dì volgea, che vincitori
Dier la rotta a i Petroni i Gemignani,
E per l'ira, che ardea ne' fieri cori
Reſtavano anco i morti in preda a i cani.
Quando in Modana entrar due Ambaſciatori
Con pacifici aſpetti, e modi umani,
E ſmontati al Monton col Vetturino,
Chieſero a l'Oſte, s'egli havea buon vino.

2.

Indi un meſſo ſpedir per impetrare,
Che l'ordine c'havean foſſe aſcoltato:

Cominciò

Cominciò il Campanaccio a dindonare,
E in un momento s' adunò il Senato.
Andar gli Ambaſciatori ad onorare
Aleſſandro Fallopia, e Gaſper Prato,
E il conduſſer per diritta ſtrada
A la ſala ove il Duca hor tien la biada.

3.

Un vecchio ranticoſo affumicato,
Pallido, e vizzo, che parea l'inedia,
E per forza tener co i denti il fiato,
E potea far da Lazzaro in comedia,
Poiche due volte intorno hebbe mirato
Incominciò così da la ſua ſedia:
Meſſeri, io ſon Marcel di Bolognino
Dottor di legge, e Conte Palatino;

4.

Il mio collega è Conte, e Cavalliero,
E Ridolfo Campeggi è nominato;
Io ſon huomo di pace, egli è guerriero,
Io lettor de lo Studio, egli ſoldato:
Hor l'uno, e l' altro hà quì per meſſaggiero
Il noſtro Reggimento à voi mandato,
Per iſcuſarſi del paſſato eccesſo,
Che'l popol noſtro hà contra voi commeſſo.

5.

Il popol noſtro è un popol del demonio,
Che non ſi può frenar con alcun freno,
E s'io non dico il ver, che San Petronio
Mi faccia hoggi venir la vita meno:
Sarà il Collega mio buon teſtimonio,
Che quando l'altra notte ei paſſò il Reno,

Fù mera invenzion d' un ſeduttore,
Nè il Reggimento n'hebbe alcun ſentore.

6.

Ma non ſi può disfar quel ch'è già fatto;
D'ogni voſtro diſturbo aſſai ne ſpiace,
E ſiam venuti quà per far riſcatto
De' morti noſtri, e ad offerirvi pace;
Ma vogliam quella Secchia ad ogni patto,
Che ci rubbò la voſtra gente audace,
Perche altramente andria ogni coſa in zero,
E ci ſcorucciaremo da dovero.

7.

Quì chiuſe il Bolognino il ſuo ſermone,
E riſe ogn'un quanto potea più forte.
Era capo di banca un Rarabone
Dal Taſſo arcidottor cavato a ſorte,
Per ſopranome gli dicean Taſſone,
Perch'era groſſo, e havea le gambe corte;
Queſti, poiche'l Senato in lui s' affiſſe,
Compoſe il volto, e ſi rivolſe, e diſſe.

8.

Che'l voſtro Reggimento habbia mandati
Due perſonaggi ſuoi sì principali
A ſcuſarſi con noi de danni dati,
E a condolerſi de' paſſati mali,
Noſtra ventura è certo, e regiſtrati
Ne fieno i nomi lor ne'noſtri Annali;
A noi ancora in ver molto diſpiace
De'voſtri morti, che Dio gli habbia in pace.

9.

E ſe per ſotterargli hor quì venite,
La voſtra ambaſcieria ſia conſolata:
Ma quella pace, che voi ci offerite
Col patto della Secchia, e un pò intricata,
E conviene aggiuſtar pria le partite
Con cui voi dite, che ve l'hà rubbata,
Perche di Secchie non habbiam biſogno,
E ci crediam, che favelliate in ſogno.

10.

Manfredi, ch'era à quel parlar preſente,
Cavatoſi il capuccio, e in piè levato,
Figlio è, diſſe, d'un becco, e ſe ne mente
Chi vuol dir, ch'io la Secchia habbia rubato;
Di mezo la Città nel dì lucente
Io la traſſi per forza in ſella armato:
E tornerò, ſe me ne vien talento,
Dov'è quel pozzo, e cacherovi drento,

11.

Siete mal informato a quel, ch'io veggio,
Meſſer Marcello mio da un bolognino.
Cappita, diſſe il Cavallier Campeggio,
Voi ſiete bravo come un Paladino,
Horsù ripigliarem, ch'io me n'aveggio,
Con le trombe nel ſacco oggi il camino,
Ma Gemignani miei io vi proteſto,
Che ve ne pentirete aſſai ben preſto.

12.

Riſpondeva Manfredi, e ne potea
Seguir ſcandalo grave entro'l Senato,

Se'l Potta aller non vi s'interponea
Con modo imperioso, e volto irato;
Tacci frasca merdosa, egli dicea,
Che questo è jus antico inviolato,
Che possa un messaggier dir ciò, che vuole,
Senza render ragion di sue parole.

13.

Così gli Ambasciatori usciron fuore,
Ed a la patria lor feran ritorno:
La quale il Baldi principal Dottore
Mandò con nuovi patti il terzo giorno,
E la Terra offeria di Grevalcore,
Se la Secchia tornava al suo soggiorno.
Fù il Dottor Baldi molto accarezzato,
E a le spese del Publico alloggiato.

14.

Poscia di nuovo s'adunò il Conseglio,
Dov'egli fù introdotto il dì seguente
Il Baldi, ch'era astuto come veglio,
E sapea secondar l'onda corrente.
Incominciò, Signori esempio, e speglio
D'onor e senno a la futura gente,
Io rendo gratie a Dio, che mi concede
Di seder oggi in così degna sede.

15.

E vengovi a propor cosa inudita,
Che vi farà inarcar forse le ciglia:
Giace una Terra antica, e favorita
De le gratie del Cielo a meraviglia,
Col territorio vostro appunto unita,
E lontana di quà tredici miglia.

Già vi fù morto Panſa, e dal dolore
Nominata da ſuoi fù Grevalcuore.

16.

Ancor dopo tant'anni, e tanti luſtri,
Il ſuo nome primier conſerva, e tiene;
Furon già ſtagni, e valli ime, e paluſtri,
Hor ſon campagne arate, e piagge amene,
Non han però gli Agricoltori induſtri
Tutte aſciugate ancor le natie vene,
Ma vi ſon fondi di perpetui umori,
Che ſogliono abitar peſci canori.

17.

Le Sirene de'foſſi, alletatrici
Del ſonno, di color vari fregiate,
E del prato, e de l'onda abitatrici,
Fanvi col canto lor perpetua ſtate:
I regni de l'Aurora almi, e felici
Paiono queſti, ove ſon genti nate,
Che ne'coſtumi, e ne'ſembianti loro
Rappreſentano ancor l'età de l'oro.

18.

Hor così degna terra, e principale
Vi manda ad offerir la Patria mia,
Se quella Secchia, che togliеſte a un tale
De'noſtri, col malan, che Dio gli dia;
Quando i voſtri l'altrier fer tanto male,
E sforzaron la porta, che s'apria,
Sarà da voi al pozzo rimandata
Publicamente, d'onde fù levata.

19.

Mentre vi s'offre la fortuna in queſto
Di cambiare una Secchia in una Terra,
Ricordatevi ſol, che volge preſto
Il calvo a chi la chioma non afferra;
Se non cogliete il tempo, io vi proteſto,
C'haurete lunga, e faticoſa guerra,
Nè potrete durare a la campagna,
Che s'armerà con noi tutta Romagna.

20.

Quì tacque il Baldi, e nacque un gran bisbiglio,
Ne fù, chi riſpondeſſe alcuna coſa,
Ma ſi conobbe in un girar di ciglio,
Che la mente d'ogn'un'era dubbioſa.
Al fin per conſultare ogni periglio,
E non urtare in qualche pietra aſcoſa,
Fecero al Baldi dir, ch'era preſente,
C'haurebbe la riſpoſta il dì ſeguente,

21.

Il dì che venne, il cambio fù approvato,
E diſſer, che la Secchia eran per darla,
Sottoſcritto il contratto, e confirmato,
A qualunque veniſſe a repigliarla;
Perch'altramente non volea il Senato
Con atto indegno al pozzo ei rimandarla:
Che in queſto il Regimento era in errore,
Se credea di dar legge al vincitore.

22.

Il Baldi ſi ſcusò, che non havea
Ordine d' alterar la ſua propoſta,

Ma, che l'istesso giorno egli volea
Ritornare à Bologna per la posta:
E s'il partito alla Città piacea,
Haurebbe rimandato un messo a posta,
Così conchiuso il Baldì fè ritorno,
Nè si seppe altro fino al terzo giorno.

23.

Il terzo dì, ch'ogn'un stava aspettando,
Che non havesse più la pace intoppo,
Eccoti un messaggier venir trottando
Sopra d'un vitturin spallato, e zoppo,
E tratta fuori una protesta, ò un bando
L'affisse al tronco d'un'antico Pioppo,
Che dinanzi a la porta di sua mano
Havea piantato già San Gemignano.

24.

Dicea la carta: Il Popol Bolognese
Quel dì Modana sfida a guerra, e morte,
Se non gl'torna in termine d'un mese
La Secchia, che rubò sù le sue porte.
Affisso il foglio, subito prese
Il suo camin colui, spronando forte
Quel tripode animale, in un momento
Parue, che via se lo portasse il vento.

25.

Qual resta il Pescator, che nella tana
Mette la man per trarne il granchio vivo,
E trova serpe, ò velenosa rana,
O qual si voglia altro animal nocivo,
Tal la gente del Potta altera, e vana
Trovar credendo un Popolo corrivo,

Quando

Quando ſentì quella proteſta tutta
Raggrinzò le maſcelle, e ſi fè brutta.

26.

Ma come ambitioſa per natura,
Diſſimulando il naturale affetto,
Moſtrò di non curar quella ſcrittura,
E le minaccie altrui, volſe in diletto:
Non riſtorò le ruinate mura,
Non cavò de le foſſe il morto letto,
Nè di ceder moſtrò ſembianza alcuna
A la forza nimica, ò a la fortuna.

27.

Ma ſcriſſe à Federico in Alemagna
Quant'era occorſo, e di ſuo aiuto il chieſe;
La militia del pian, de la montagna
A preparar ſegretamente atteſe,
Fè lega per un'anno alla campagna
Col popol Parmigian, col Cremoneſe,
Scriſſe nella Città fanti, e cavalli,
Indi tutta ſi diede a feſte, e balli.

28.

La fama intanto al Ciel battendo l'ali
Con gli aviſi d'Italia arrivò in corte,
Ed al Rè Giove fè ſapere i mali,
Che d'una Secchia era per trar la ſorte.
Giove, che molto amico era a i mortali,
E d'ogni danno lor ſi dolea forte,
Fè ſonar le campane del ſuo Impero,
E a conſiglio chiamar gli Dei d'Omero.

29.

Da le ſtalle del Ciel ſubito fuori
I cocchi uſcir ſoura rotanti ſtelle,
E i mulli da lettiga, e i corridori
Con ricche briglie, e ricamate ſelle:
Più di cento livree di ſervidori
Si videro apparir pompoſe, e belle,
Che con leggiadra moſtra, e con decoro
Seguivano i padroni a conciſtoro.

30.

Ma innanzi a tutti il Prencipe di Delo
Sopra d'una carrozza da campagna
Venia correndo, e calpeſtando il Cielo,
Con ſei ginetti à ſcorza di caſtagna:
Roſſo il manto, e'l cappel di tetzipelo,
E al collo havea il toſon del Rè di Spagna,
E ventiquattro vaghe donzellette,
Correndo gli tenean dietro in ſcarpette.

31.

Pallade ſdegnoſetta, e fiera in volto
Venia sù una chinea di Biſignano,
Succinta a meza gamba, in un raccolto
Habito mezo Greco, e mezo Iſpano:
Parte il crine annodato, e parte ſciolto
Portava, e nella treccia a deſtra mano
Un mazzo d'aironi a la bizzara,
E legata a l'arcion la ſcimitarra.

32.

Con due cocchi venia la Dea d'Amore,
Nel primo er'ella, e le trè Gratie, e'l figlio,

Tutto porpora ed or dentro, e di fuore,
E i paggi di color bianco, e vermiglio.
Nel ſecondo ſedean con grand'onore
Cortigiani da cappa, e da conſiglio,
Il Braccier de la Dea, l'Aio del putto,
Ed il cuoco maggior maſtro Preſciuto.

33.

Saturno, ch'era vecchio, e accatarrato,
E s'havea meſſo dianzi un ſervitiale,
Venia in una lettiga riſerrato,
Che ſotto la ſeggetta havea il pitale:
Marte ſopra un cavallo era montato,
Che facea ſalti fuor del naturale;
Le calze a tagli, e'l corſaletto indoſſo,
E nel cappello havea un penacchio roſſo.

34.

Ma la Dea de le biade, e'l Dio del vino
Venner congiunti, e ragionando inſieme,
Nettun ſi fè portar da quel Delfino,
Che frà l'onde del Ciel notar non teme:
Nudo, algoſo, e fangoſo era il meſchino,
Di che la madre ne ſoſpira, e geme,
Ed accuſa il fratel di poco amore,
Che lo tratti così da peſcatore.

35.

Non comparve la vergine Diana,
Che levata per tempo era ita al boſco
A lavare il bucato a una fontana,
Nelle maremme del paeſe Toſco,
E non tornò, che già la tramontana
Girava il carro ſuo per l'aer foſco:

Venne

Venne ſua madre a far la ſcuſa in fretta
Lavorando sù i ferri una calzetta.

36.

Non intervenne men Giunon Lucina,
Che'l capo allora ſi volea lavare.
Menippo, ſouraſtante a la cucina
Di Giove, andò le Parche ad iſcuſare,
Che facevano il pan quella mattina,
Indi havean molta ſtoppa da filare.
Sileno cantinier reſtò di fuori
Per inacquare il vin de'ſervidori.

37.

De la Regia del Ciel s'apron le porte,
Stridon le ſpranghe, e i chiaviſtelli d'ore,
Paſſan gli Dei da la ſuperba Corte
Ne la Sala real del Conciſtoro:
Quivi ſottratte a i fulmini di morte
Splendon le ricche mura, e i fregi loro;
Vi perde il vanto ſuo qual più lucente,
E più pregiata gemma hà l'Oriente.

38.

Poſti à ſeder ne'bei ſtellanti palchi
I ſommi Eroi de'fortunati regni,
Ecco i tamburi a un tempo, e gli oricalchi
De l'apparir del Rè diedero ſegni;
Cento frà paggi, e camerieri, e ſcalchi
Veniano, e poſcia i proceri più degni,
E doppo queſti Alcide con la mazza
Capitan de la guardia de la piazza.

39.

E come quel, ch'ancor de la pazzia
Non era ben guarito intieramente,
Per allargare innanzi al Rè la via
Menava quella mazza frà la gente;
Ch' un' imbriaco Suizzero paria
Di quei, che con villan modo insolente
Sogliono innanzi il Papa il dì di festa
Romper a chi le braccia, a chi la testa.

40.

Col capello di Giove, e con gli occhiali
Seguiva indi Mercurio, e in man tenea
Una borsaccia, dove de' mortali
Le suppliche, e l'inchieste ei raccogliea;
Dispensavale poscia a due pitali,
Che ne' suoi gabbinetti il Padre havea,
Dove con molta attention, e cura
Tenea due volte il giorno segnatura.

41.

Venne al fin Giove in abito Reale,
Con quelle stelle c'han trovato in testa,
E sù le spalle un manto imperiale,
Che soleva portar quand'era festa,
Lo scettro in forma havea di pastorale,
E sotto il manto una pomposa vesta
Donatagli dal popol Sericano,
E Ganimede havea la coda in mano.

42.

A l'apparir del Rè sorse repente
Da i seggi eterni l'immortal Senato,

E chinò il capo umile, e riverente
Fin che nel trono eccelso fù locato;
Gli ſedea la Fortuna in eminente
Loco a ſiniſtra, ed a la deſtra il Fato:
La Morte, e'l tempo gli facean predella,
E monſtravan d'haver la cacarella.

43.

Girò lo ſguardo intorno, onde ſereno
Si fè l'aer, e'l Ciel, tacquero i venti,
E la terra ſi ſcoſſe, e l'ampio ſeno
De l'Oceano a i ſuoi divini accenti:
Ei cominciò dal dì, che fù ripieno
Di topi il mondo, e di ranocchi ſpenti,
E narrò le battaglie ad una, ad una,
Che ne' campi ſeguir poi della Luna.

44.

Hor, diſſe, una maggior ſe n'apparecchia
Trà quei del Sipa, e la Città del Potta:
Sapete ch' è trà lor ruggine vecchia,
E che più volte s'han la teſta rotta,
Ma nuova gara hor ſopra d'una Secchia
Han meſſa in campo; e ſe non è interrotta,
L'Italia, e'l Mondo ſottoſopra veggio,
Intorno à ciò voſtro conſiglio chieggio.

45.

Quì tacque Giove, e'l guardo à un tempo affiſſe
Nel padre ſuo, che gli ſedea ſecondo:
Sorriſe il vecchio, e tirò un peto, e diſſe,
Potta, i credea che ruinaſſe il mondo;
Che importa à noi ſe guerra, liti, e riſſe
Turban la giù quel miſerabil fondo?

E ſe gli huomini ſon lieti, ò turbati?
Io gli vorrei veder tutti impiccati.

46.

Marte a quella riſpoſta alzando il ciglio,
O buon vecchio, gridò, ſon teco anch'io;
Che importa a queſto eterno alto conſiglio
Se ſtato è colà giù turbato, ò rio!
Chi è nato a perigliar, viva in periglio,
Viva, e goda nel Ciel, chi è nato Dio?
Io ſe la Diva mia nol mi diſdice,
L'una, e l'altra Città farò infelice;

47.

Satierà doppia ſtrage il mio furore,
Di corpi morti innalzerò montagne,
Farò laghi di ſangue, e di ſudore,
E tutte innonderò quelle campagne.
Cavallier, diſſe Palla, il tuo valore
San cantar fin le trippe, e le laſagne,
Si che indarno ti ſtudi, e t'argomenti
Di farlo hor noto alle celeſti menti.

48.

Ma s'hai deſio di qualche degna impreſa,
Facciam così: và tù co' Gemignani,
Ch'io ſarò de' Petroni a la difeſa,
E ti verrò à incontrar là sù quei piani;
Bologna ſempre fù a miei ſtudi inteſa,
Onde tenermi à cintola le mani
Hor non debbo per lei; tù meco ſcendi,
Se palma di valor, ſe gloria attendi.

49.

A quel parlarsi si levò Febo, e disse,
Vergine bella, i'verrò teco anch'io
In favor di Bologna, ove ogn'hor visse
L'antico studio delle muse, e mio.
Bacco, che in Citerea le luci fisse
Sempre temute havea con gran desio,
Così dunque (rispose in volto irato)
Fia il popol mio da tutti abbandonato?

50.

La Città, ch'ogn'hor vive in feste, e canti
Frà maschere, e tornei per onorarmi,
C'hà sì dolce liquor, vedrà frà tanti
Travagli suoi quì neghittoso starmi?
Bella madre d'amor, che co' sembianti
Puoi far vinta cader la forza, e l'armi,
Tù meco scendi, ch'io farò à costoro
Di stoppa rimaner la barba d'oro.

51.

Sfavillò Citerea con un sorriso,
Che dicea bacia, bacia anima accesa;
E gli diede col ciglio a un tempo avviso,
Che sarebbe ita seco a quell' impresa.
Marte, che'n lei tenea lo sguardo fisso,
Avido di litigio, e di contesa,
Vedendo, ch'ella havea d'andar desio,
Disse, a la fè, che vò venir' anch'io.

52.

Gite voi altri pur dove v'aggrada,
Ch'io vò seguir de la mia Diva i passi;

Dov'ella

Dov'ella volge il piè, convien ch'io vada,
E quei di voi, ch'ella abbandona, laſſi ;
Per lei combatte queſta invitta ſpada,
E queſta deſtra ; ed hor per lei vedraſſi
Il Panaro gonfiarſi, e in atto ſtrano
Portar ſoccorſo al Pò di ſangue humano.

53.

Sorriſe Palla, ma con occhio bieco
Rimirollo Vulcan, ch'era in diſparte ;
E diſſe, empio Sicario adunque meco
Commune il letto haurai per ricrearte ?
E Giove ſteſſo accorderaſſi teco
Nel vituperio di ſua figlia a parte ?
Per Stige, ch'io non sò, chi mi s'arreſta,
Ch'io non ti dò di queſto in sù la teſta.

54.

E ſtringendo un martel, ch'al fianco havea
Sollevò il braccio, e di menar fec'atto.
La manopola allor, ch'in man tenea,
Lanciogli Marte, e balzò in piedi ratto.
Sgangherato, gridando, anima rea,
T'inſegnerò ben'io di ſtarti quatto.
Giove, che vide acceſa una battaglia,
Steſe lo ſcettro, e diſſe, ò là canaglia ?

55.

Dove credete ſtar ? giuro à Macone,
Ch'io vi caſtigherò di tanto ardire
Venga il fulmine toſto : e l'Aquilone
Il fulmine arrecogli in queſto dire.
Vulcan tratto a ſuoi piedi in ginocchione,
Chiede mercede, e intiepidiva l'ire,

Lagri-

Lagrimando i ſuoi caſi, e l'empia ſorte,
Ma più l'infedeltà de la conſorte.

56.

Citerea, che ſi vide a mal partito,
Per una porticella di naſcoſto
Da lo ſdegno del Padre, e del Marito,
Mentre queſti piagnea, s'involò toſto.
E dietro a lei ſenza aſpettar' invito
Corſero il Dio de l'armi, e'l Dio del moſto;
Ella in terra con lor preſe la via,
E in mezo a lor dormì sù l'Oſteria.

57.

Gli abbracciamenti, i baſi, e i colpi lieti
Tace la caſta Muſa, e vergognoſa,
Da la congiontion di quei Pianeti
Ritorze il plettro, e di cantar non oſa.
Mormora ſol frà sè detti ſegreti,
Ch'al fuggir de la notte humida ombroſa
Fatto havean Marte, e'l giovane Tebano
Trenta volte cornuto il Dio Vulcano.

58.

L'Oſte di Caſtel Franco un gran pollaio
Con huova freſche havea quanto la rena;
N'hebbero i due amanti un centinaio,
Che ſmidollata ſi ſentian la ſciena.
Ma la Diva ne volle ſolo un paio,
Che d'altro forſe havea la pancia piena,
La Diva per non dar di sè ſoſpetto
Preſa la forma havea d'un giovinetto.

59.

Di candido ermesin tutto trinciato
Sopra seta vermiglia era vestita,
Con un colletto bianco, e profumato.
Calzetta bianca, e cinta colorita;
Di bianco il piè leggiadro era calzato;
Non si potea veder più bella vita,
Un pugnaletto d'or cingeva al fianco,
E nel cappello un penacchieto bianco.

60.

Ma l'oste, ch'era guercio, e Bolognese,
Tanto peggio stimò ne' suoi concetti,
Quando corcarsi in terzo egli compese
L'amoroso garzon frà tanti letti.
Sgombrarono gli Dei tosto il paese,
Che di colui conobbero i sospetti,
Temendo, che'l fellon con falso inditio
Non gli accusasse quivi al malefitio.

61.

A Modana passar quella mattina,
E ritrovar, che vi si fea gran festa;
Un palio di teletta cremesina
Correasi a fiori d'or tutta contesta.
Vedendo quella gente pellegrina
Ogn' uno a gara ne facea richiesta,
E molti li tenean per recitanti
Venuti à preparar comedie innanti.

62.

Dicean che Marte il Capitan Cardone,
E Bacco esser dovea l'inamorato,

E quel vago, leggiadro, e bel garzone
Esser a far da donna ammaestrato.
Così alle volte ancor fuor di ragione
Si tocca il punto, e molti han profetato
Che si credean di favellare a caso:
La Sorte, ed il Saper stanno in un vaso.

83.

Poscia che passeggiata a parte, a parte
Hebber gli Dei questa Città ferente,
E ben considerato il sito, e l'arte
Del guerreggiare, e i cor di questa gente;
A un'osteria si trassero in disparte,
C'havea un Trebbian di Dio dolce, e rodente,
E con capponi, e starne, e quel buon vino
Cenaron tutti e' tre da Paladino.

84.

Mentre questi godean, dall altro canto
Pallade, e Febo eran discesi in terra,
E concitando gian Bologna intanto,
E le Città de la Romagna in guerra;
Quanto è dal Reno al Rubicone, e quanto
Trà'l monte, e'l mar quivi s'estende, e serra,
S'unisce con Bologna, e s'apparecchia
Di gir con l'armi a racquistar la Secchia.

85.

L'intesero gli Amanti, e a la difesa
Preparorono anch'essi i lor vassalli.
Bacco chiamò i Tedeschi a quell' impresa,
E andò fino in Germania ad invitalli,
Essi quand' hebber la sua voglia intesa,
In un momento armar fanti, e cavalli,

Benedicendo Ottobre, e San Martino,
E ſperando notar tutti nel vino.

66.

Marte reſtò in Italia à preparare
La militia di Parma, e di Cremona;
Venere diſſe, che volea tentare
Di far venire un Rè quivi in perſona;
E paſſando dov' Arno ha foce in mare,
Si fè da le Nereidi a la Gorgona
Portar, e quindi à l'Iſola de' Sardi,
Ricca di Caccio, e d'huomini bugiardi.

Il Fine del Secondo Canto.

DICHIARATIONE
DEL
Secondo Canto.

FRA capo di banca un Rarabone, &c.

Questo Rarabone, che'l Poeta finge qui per autore della sua famiglia, non si sà, che veramente ei fosse allora capo di Banca: Ma si trova però nelle Croniche di quella Città scritto frà gli Anziani e conservatori di essa 28. anni appresso.

11 *Messer Marcello mio da un bolognino.*

Equivoca, e scherza sopra il nome di Marcello, che in Venezia è una moneta da dodeci soldi.

13 *La quale il Baldi principal Dottore.*

Il Dottor Camillo Baldi fù principal lettore dello Studio di Bologna, e amico del Poeta, & havea le sue possessioni a Grevalcore terra palluſtre: Dove alle prime rane, che si veggono, sogliono i Modanesi motteggiare, che quei di Grevalcore non possono più perire di quell' anno perche quivi ne nascono, e se ne mangiano assai.

15 *Già vi fù morto Pansa, &c.*

Veramente Appiano Alessandrino descrivendo il luogo dove Pansa Console fù ucciso dalle genti di Marc' Antonio, pare che additi le valli di Grevalcore, dove tanto gli huomini, quanto le rane nascono verdi, e gialli:

27 *Col popol Parmegian, col Cremonese.*

Vegganzi l'Istorie di quei tempi, e troverassi, che i Modanesi, i Parmegiani, e i Cremonesi erano sempre uniti in lega.

28 *La fama in tanto al Ciel battendo l'ali*
Con gli avvisi d'Italia arrivò in Corte.

Finge il Poeta, che la fama porti gli avvisi e le gazzette de' menanti d'Italia alla Corte di Giove.

35 *Ne le maremme del Paeſe Toſco, &c.*

Intende delle Maremme di Siena, i cui cervelli hanno fama d' havere occulta intelligenza con queſta Dea.

Lavorando sù i ferri una calzetta, &c.

Le Meretrici invecchiate, e diſmeſſe, ſogliono per ordinario applicarſi a così fatti lavori.

36 *Che'l capo allora ſi volea lavare, &c.*

Rappreſenta certe mogli indiavolate, e traverſe, che ſempre aggiuſtano tutte le facende loro a diſguſtar' il marito. S'egli hà foreſtieri, eſſe vogliono fare il bucato; Se vuol mangiar per tempo, eſſe vanno all' ultima Meſſa; S'egli hà biſogno di loro, vanno a lavarſi il capo; Altre non ſi mettono mai ad intrecciarſi i capegli, ſe non quando ſi vuole andare à tavola, per farſi aſpettare un pezzo. Strebbiatrici, inſonenti, picchiapetti.

Per inacquare il vin de' Servidori, &c.

E galanteria, che s'uſa nelle Corti di Roma, accioche i Servidori non s'imbriachino. Sono di quei beneficii non ricercati, che ſogliono uſare i moderni caritativi.

43 *E narrò le battaglie ad una, ad una,*
Che ne i campi ſeguir poi de la Luna, &c.

Chi non intende il Poeta, legga le veridiche Iſtorie di Luciano, dove tratta delle battaglie ſeguite trà Endimione, e Fetonte ne' campi della Luna.

43 *Girò lo ſguardo intorno, onde ſereno.*

Il Signor Guglielmo Moons Agente del Sereniſſimo Elettore di Colonia, paragonò queſto luogo con quelli d'Omero, e di Vergilio, e non gli parvero da competere; ma io sò, che'l Poeta non hebbe intenzione di concorrere con eſſi.

44 *Trà quei del Sipa, e la Città del Potta.*

Dante diſſe.

Trà Sauna, e'l Ren dove ſi dice Sipa.

45 *Io gli vorrei veder tutti impiccati, &c.*

Saturno Pianeta maligno, che a gli huomini co' ſuoi influſſi ſempre minaccia danni, riſponde qui conforme alla ſua natura, E Marte applaude alla ſua riſpoſta, per eſſer anch'egli Pianeta di mala qualità.

46 *Io, ſe la Diva mia nol mi diſdice*
L'una, e l'altra Città farò infelice, &c.

Parla Aſtrologicamente, percioche ſe la ſtella di Marte è mirata d'aſpetto oppoſto, ò quadrato da quella di Venere, a i ſuoi cattivi influſſi vien ſcemato il vigore.

50 *La Città che ogn'hor vive in feſta, e'n canti*
Frà maſchere, e tornei per onorarme,
C' hà sì dolce liquor, &c.

A Modana si fanno, e s'adoprano le maschere più che in Città del Mondo; e'l Carnevale vi sono continue danze, tornei, giostre, e bagordi. E quivi parimente sono trebbiani dolcissimi, & altri vini in coppia grande.

Di stoppa rimaner la barba d'oro, &c.

Allude al Proverbio, far la barba di stoppa: E motteggia le statue de gli Dei de i Gentili, c'havevano la barba d'oro: Onde Dionisio tiranno la levò ad Esculapio dicendo, ch'era indecenza, che'l figlio havesse la barba, e'l Padre, ch'era Apollo, fosse sbarbato.

57 *Trenta volte cornuto il Dio Vulcano.*

Più modestamente non si poteva dichiarare l'oscenità: ne con più acutezza schernire il Gentilismo. Alcuni si credettero d'imitar questi dileggiamenti de gli Dei de i Gentili, e diedono nelle seccagini, e nelle fredezze.

Ma ogn'un del suo saper par che s'appaghi.

60 *Ma l'oste ch'era guercio, e Bolognese.*

La plebe di Bologna suol essere astutissima, aggiungetevi poi l'esser oste, e l'esser guerzo.

63 *Quella Città fetente, &c.*

Chiama il Poeta fetente Modana per rispetto delle sue strade lorde: dominate più dalla Dea Mardarola, che dal Dio Febo: Un'altro Poeta disse,

Modana è una Città di Lombardia,
Trà 'l Panaro, e la Secchia in un pantano:
Dove si smerda ogni sedel Christiano,
Che s'abbatte à passar per quella via.

Modanesi sogliono con tutto ciò dire, che la Città loro hà due strade per tutto; una per gli huomoni, e l'altra per le bestie, intendendo, che i portici, che sono in tutte le contrade servano per gli huomini.

65 *Bacco chiamò i Tedeschi à quell' impresa.*

Bacco non poteva chiamar gente più sua affettionata e divota, ne invitarla in luogo dove fosse meglio trattata, percioche à Modana ci sono buonissimi vini, & in tanta quantità, che si vende à trè giulii il barille: onde si può dire, che quivi sia la regia di Bacco, e la terra di promissione de'Tedeschi.

Benedicendo Ottobre, e S. Martino, &c.

Questi è il primo Santo che venga dopo le vendemmie, e suole essere la sua festa destinata ad assaggiare i vini nuovi; oltre di ciò, Gregorio Turonese frà i miracoli di questo Santo conta alcune moltiplicationi di vino: sì che per tutti questi rispetti i Tedeschi deono havere in veneratione particolare questo gran Santo.

IL FINE.